



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

EdueT 759.09.303

# RIES OF ECLECTIC READINGS FOR CHILDREN

PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

For Youngest Readers — 6 to 8 Years of Age

True Fairy Stories . . .	\$0.35	McCullough's Little Stories for	
Fairy Reader . . . . .	.35	Little People . . . . .	\$0.25
ories and Fables . . . . .	.35	Schwartz's Five Little Strangers . . .	.40
mons Stories Retold . . . . .	.25	Shaw's Big People and Little People	

. . . . .30  
. . . . .35  
. . . . .30  
. . . . .30  
. . . . .30  
Book . . .25

Harvard College Library



LIBRARY OF THE

Department of Education

COLLECTION OF TEXT-BOOKS

Contributed by the Publishers

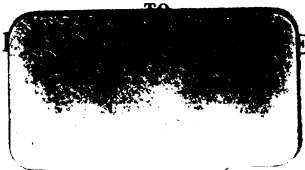
Abbe  
Bald  
Ol  
Ol  
Th  
Bartl  
Brad  
St  
Dick  
St  
Eggl  
Foot  
Hall  
Haw  
Horr  
John

Arno  
Bald  
Co  
Di  
Clark  
Ar  
St  
St  
Stor  
Defoe  
Dicke  
Twe  
Dutto  
Litt  
Guerb  
Stor  
Stor  
Stor

Shy  
\$0.50  
vavian  
. . . . .45  
. . . . .45  
orth  
. . . . .45  
ils . . .50  
Wild  
. . . . .50  
and,  
. . . . .50  
and  
. . . . .50  
dren . .40  
. . . . .50  
reat  
. . . . .40  
phi-  
. . . . .35

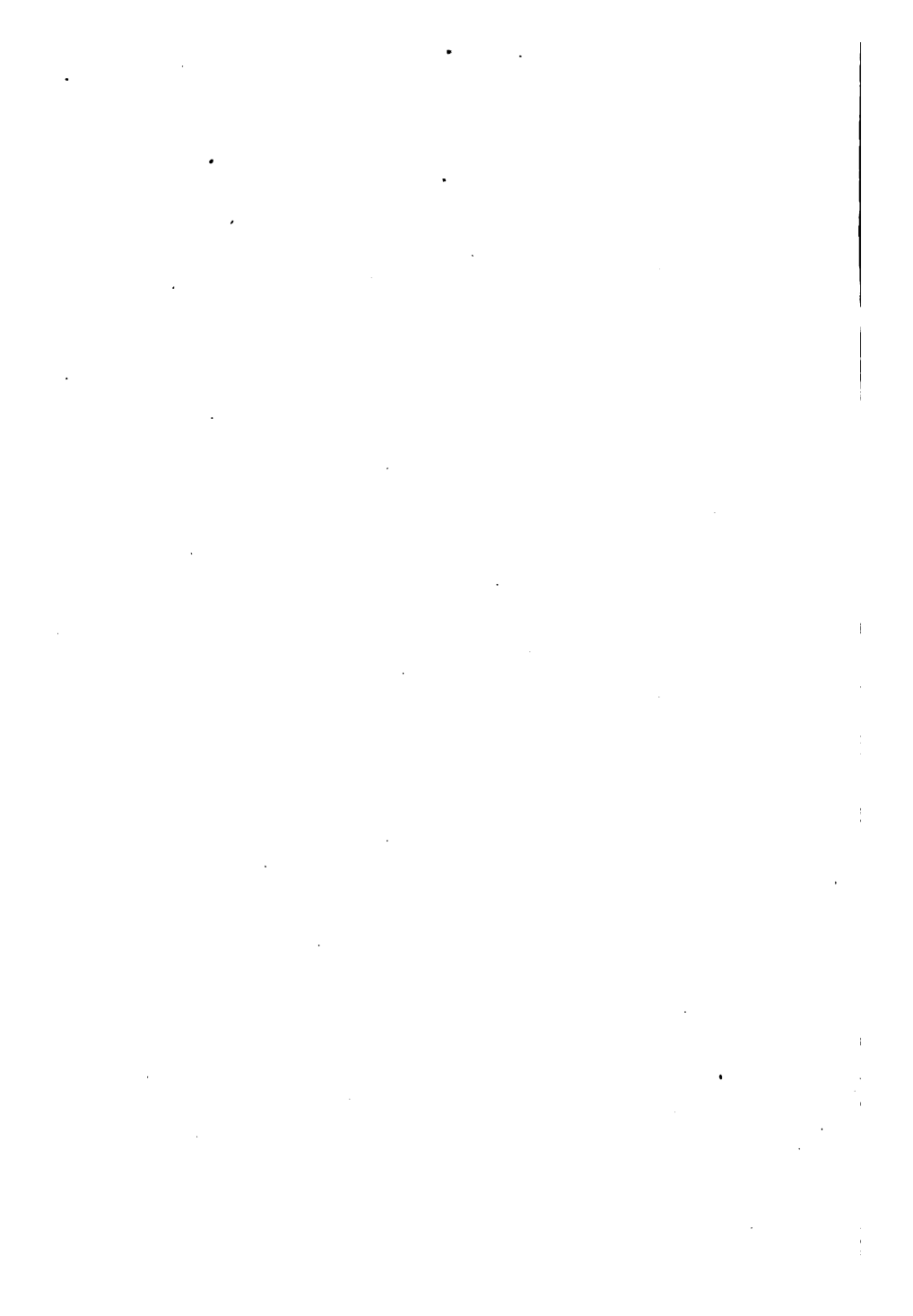
. . . \$0.60  
. . . .60  
. . . .60  
nimals .60  
tiles,  
. . . .60  
. . . .60  
. . . .45  
en . .60  
. . . .40  
. . . .60  
. . . .50  
. . . .50  
. . . .60  
Nest-  
. . . .60  
uthwest .55

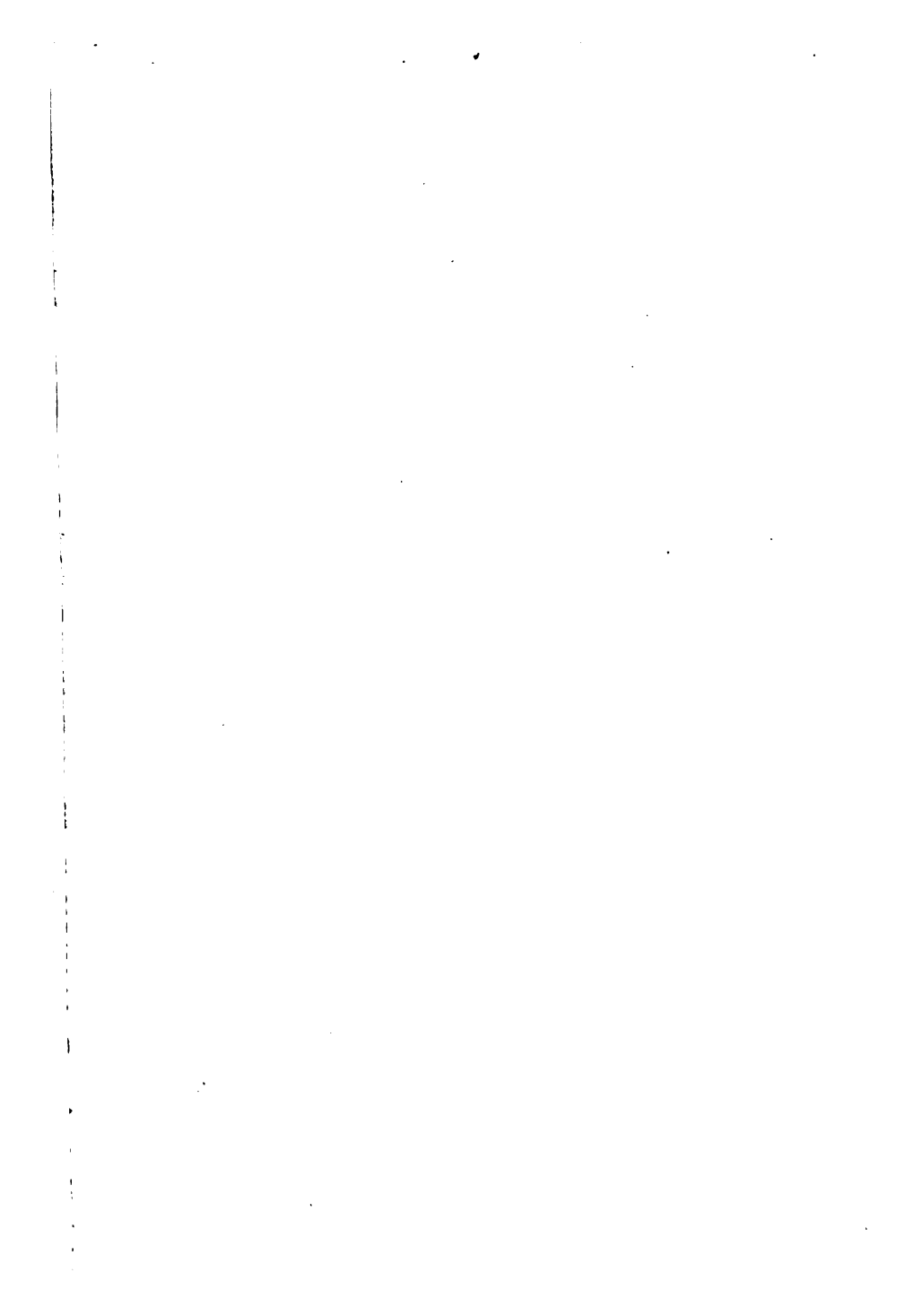
TRANSFERRED





3 2044 097 041 131







②

# THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

ADAPTED FROM

J. FENIMORE COOPER'S "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS"

BY

MARGARET N. HAIGHT



NEW YORK :: CINCINNATI :: CHICAGO  
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

T 65-28702

✓  
Edue T 759.09.303

8 June 1910

Harvard College Library  
JUN 12 1910

TRANSFERRED TO  
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
JUNE 12, 1910

Copyright, 1909, by  
MARGARET N. HAIGHT

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

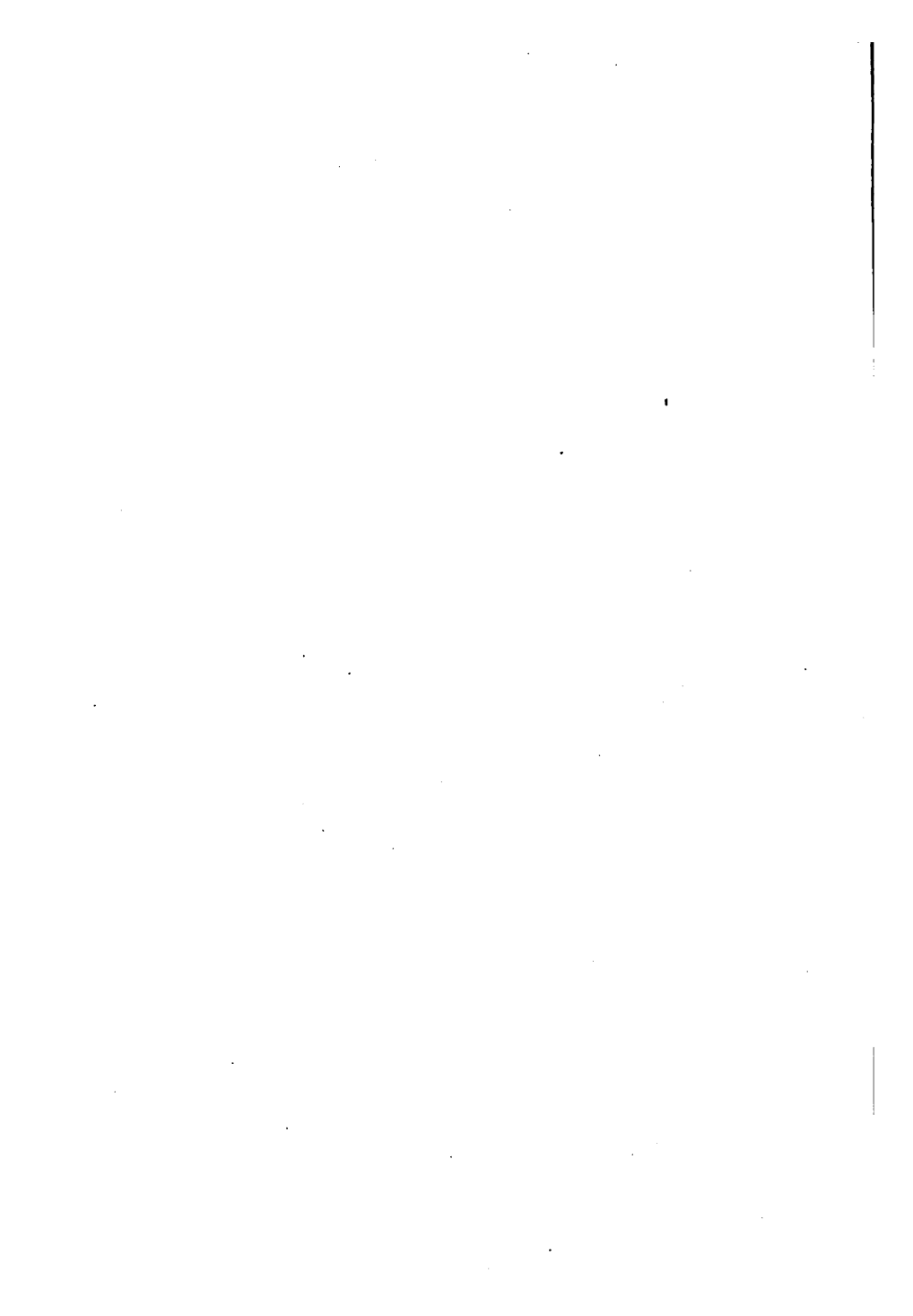
THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

W. P. 1



## PREFATORY NOTE

*The Last of the Mohicans* is undoubtedly the best known of Fenimore Cooper's many tales of Indian savagery and warfare. In arranging this adaptation, only those portions of the original have been omitted which do not bear directly on the story, and which are neither suitable nor interesting to the average boy and girl.



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE DEPARTURE . . . . .	7
II. THE MEETING . . . . .	12
III. THE CAVE UNDER THE WATERFALL . . . . .	23
IV. THE CAPTURE . . . . .	37
V. THE JOURNEY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY . . . . .	52
VI. THE MASSACRE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY . . . . .	64
VII. THE SEARCH . . . . .	75
VIII. THEY FIND A TRAIL . . . . .	81
IX. IN THE CAMP OF THE IROQUOIS . . . . .	88
X. THE ADVENTURE WITH THE BEAR . . . . .	98
XI. UNCAS ESCAPES . . . . .	107
XII. IN THE CAMP OF THE DELAWARES . . . . .	115
XIII. THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS . . . . .	129

1

2

# THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

## CHAPTER I

### THE DEPARTURE

The country which lies between the head waters of the Hudson and the near by lakes was the scene of the fiercest of the savage warfare during the Colonial wars of North America, especially during the year 1757. You will remember that the French and English were struggling for the possession of this beautiful country, and here the natural advantages were too plainly seen to be neglected by either side.

Lake Champlain stretched from Canada deep within the borders of the neighboring Province of New York. If you look on the map of New York state, you will see how this formed an easy way for the French to come from Canada, and to attack the English forts along the lake. You will also see that Lake George joins Lake Champlain near the southern end. Wind-

ing its way among countless islands, this latter lake extends many miles farther south. Then begins a high plain or portage, over which merchandise can be carried from one stream to another. This plain leads to the banks of the Hudson, and from here the traveler could sail down to the ocean.

The French were too enterprising to overlook these natural advantages. They erected forts at different points which, being taken by the English, were retaken by the French, razed, and rebuilt. The forests were alive with men; its glades and glens rang with the sound of martial music, and the echoes of its mountains threw back the laugh of many a gallant and reckless youth.

The English colonists were fast losing their respect for their protector, the English army. They had always thought England, the mother country, invincible, but recently they had seen a chosen army led by General Braddock disgracefully routed by a handful of French and Indians. It was only saved from complete destruction by the coolness and spirit of a Virginia boy, George Washington. The colonists were terrified by this disaster; for, afraid of the French and afraid of the Indians, they did not put much confidence in the power of the English army. They

believed that the yells of the savages were mingled with every gust of wind.

One day in midsummer the news was brought to the English fort, Edward, which covered the southern end of the portage between the Hudson and the lakes that General Montcalm, the French commander, had been seen moving up Lake Champlain. The Indian runner who carried the tidings also bore a request for aid from General Munro, the commander of Fort William Henry on Lake George. The distance between these two forts was less than fifteen miles. The journey might be made on the rude path in one day. Fifteen hundred men were selected to depart with the dawn for William Henry, the post at the northern extremity of the portage.

Before the grey light of the next morning was mellowed by the rays of the sun, the main body of the departing soldiers wheeled into column, and left the encampment with a show of high military bearing. The notes of their fifes grew faint in the distance, and the forest at length appeared to swallow up the living mass which had entered its bosom. There still remained signs of another departure, however, before the cabin of General Webb. At this spot were gathered some half-dozen horses caparisoned in a manner which

showed that two were to carry women. A third wore the trappings and arms of an officer of the staff; while the rest were evidently fitted for the reception of the servants.

A young man in the dress of an officer led to their horses two girls who were both very young and pretty. Alice, the younger, had fair golden hair and blue eyes, while Cora's hair was black and her eyes were brown. They were the daughters of General Munro, and were going to join their father at Fort William Henry. Heyward, the young officer, assisted them into their saddles and then sprang lightly on the back of the war horse awaiting him, and, followed by the servants, the party rode toward the northern entrance of the encampment. The Indian runner who brought the news the day before, glided past them and led the way along the military road in their front. Alice was startled.

"Do you often see such specters in the woods, Heyward?" she asked.

"That Indian is a runner of the army," answered Heyward, "and he has offered to guide us to the lake by a path but little known. We will reach the fort before the soldiers do. He has served with the Delaware Indians."



"I do not like him," said Alice shuddering.

"We should not distrust him because his manners are different from ours and his skin is dark," said Cora, the elder sister.

They had reached a spot where a path branching off from the main road led through a dark and tangled thicket. Here the party broke up; the servants continued on the main road, and the sisters, with Heyward, one by one followed the Indian runner under the high but dark arches of the forest.

A clatter of hoofs in their rear caused them to draw their reins. In a few moments an ungainly man, David Gamut by name, came in sight on the back of a meagre horse. They knew him to be a harmless, inoffensive person, and when he asked that he might journey with them to Fort William Henry, permission was granted, and the party followed the footsteps of their silent Indian guide.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MEETING

On the same day, a few miles from Fort William Henry, two men were lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream. The sun was gradually setting and the air losing the intense heat of the July day. The silence was broken by the low voices of the men, the lazy tap of the woodpecker, and the dull roar of a distant waterfall.

One of the men showed the red skin of a native of the woods. His body was nearly naked and painted with black and white emblems. His closely shaved head had no other hair than a small tuft on the crown. To this was fastened an eagle's plume. A tomahawk and knife were in his girdle, while a short military rifle lay across his knees.

His companion was a thin, muscular man belonging to the white race. He wore a forest-green hunting shirt, trimmed with faded yellow fringe, and a cap of skins. He also carried a knife in his girdle of wampum, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were orna-

mented in Indian fashion, and his leggings made of buckskin were laced at the sides and tied above the knees with the sinews of a deer. A long rifle leaned against a tree. The rifle of the hunter is always long; that of the army short. This was our friend, Deer-slayer, but the Indians now called him, "Hawkeye," on account of his keenness of sight. Chingachgook was the name of his redskin friend.

The latter was speaking in the Indian language:—

"My fathers came from the place where the sun is hid at night, over great plains where the buffaloes live. There we fought the Iroquois. We said the country should be ours. The land we had taken like warriors we kept like men."

"All this I have heard and believe," said the white man; "but it was long before the English came into the country."

"The first palefaces who came among us spoke no English. They came in a large canoe when my fathers had buried the tomahawk with the red men; then, Hawkeye, we were one people and we were happy. The salt lake gave us its fish, the wood its deer, and the air its birds. We worshiped the Great Spirit. The blood of chiefs is in my veins where it must stay forever. The Dutch landed and gave my people the fire water;

they drank until the heavens and earth seemed to meet, and then they parted with their land. Foot by foot they were driven back from the shores. Where are the blossoms of those summers? Fallen one by one; so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of the Spirits. I am on the hilltop and must go down into the valley; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps there will no longer be any of the blood of the Sagamores. My boy, the son of Wah-ta-Wah, is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here!" said another voice near his elbow. "Who speaks to Uncas?"

At the next instant a young Indian warrior seated himself beside his father. No exclamation of surprise was uttered, nor questions asked by the older men.

"I have been on the trail of the Iroquois," said the young Indian, "and I know that they number as many as the fingers of my two hands, but they lie hid like cowards!"

"I hear the sound of feet," said Chingachgook abruptly bending his body till his ear nearly touched the earth. "The horses of white men are coming. Hawkeye, they are your brothers; speak to them."

"That will I," said the hunter, "and in English that the king needn't be ashamed to answer. Ha!





"We are seeking our way to Fort William Henry."

(Facing page 15)

there goes something like the crack of a stick! Now I hear the bushes move—and here they come themselves!”

A beaten path, such as those made by the deer coming to drink at the stream, wound through a little glen not far off, and struck the river at the point where the white man and his red companions had posted themselves. Along this track Heyward and his party came.

“Who comes?” demanded the hunter, throwing his rifle across his left arm.

“Friends to the law and the king. We are seeking our way to Fort William Henry, and in plain words we do not know where we are. We trusted to an Indian guide and he has lost his way,” answered Heyward.

“An Indian lost in the woods!” said Hawkeye shaking his head; “when the sun is scorching the tree tops; when the moss on every beech he sees will tell him in which quarter the north star will shine at night! The woods are full of deer paths which run to the streams, nor have the geese done their flight to the Canada waters altogether. It is strange! Is he a Mohican?”

“He is an Iroquois,” answered the officer.

"Hugh!" exclaimed the companions of Hawkeye.

"But he has been adopted into the tribe of the Mohicans," continued Heyward, "and he serves with our forces as a friend. But you have not told me how far it is to Fort William Henry."

"I should like to look at your guide. Is he in the rear?" asked Hawkeye. "If he is a true Iroquois, I can tell him by his knavish look and paint."

He stepped past Heyward, and found the Indian runner, behind the girls, leaning against a tree. Hawkeye looked long and searchingly into the face of the redskin, and then rejoined Heyward.

"If we were alone," said he in a low voice, "I could show you the way to Fort William Henry myself, but I wouldn't walk a mile in these woods after nightfall in company with that runner. They are full of Iroquois, and he knows where to find them only too well."

Hawkeye beckoned his two red companions to his side, and talked with them in a low tone. After a few moments, Chingachgook and Uncas went cautiously into the thicket on opposite sides of the path.

"Now," said the hunter to Heyward, "you go back, and engage the runner in talk. These Mohicans here will take him."

"I will take him myself," said Heyward proudly.



"What could you do mounted?"

"I will dismount."

"Do you think when he saw one of your feet out of the stirrup he would wait for the other to be free? We must use Indian fashions in dealing with Indians. Go then; talk openly, and seem to believe him the truest friend you have on earth."

Heyward obeyed reluctantly, and, spurring his charger, he drew the reins only when within a few yards of the sullen runner who still leaned against the tree.

"You see, Sly Fox," he said, "night is coming, and we are still far from Fort William Henry. You have missed the way, but fortunately we have met with a hunter who has promised to lead us to a place where we may rest safely until morning."

"Is he alone?" asked the Indian.

"Not alone, Sly Fox, for we are with him."

"Then Sly Fox will go away," returned the runner.

"What account will Sly Fox give to Munro to whom he gave his promise to be a guide for his children?"

"I will not hear him or feel him in the woods."

"Rest yourself," said Heyward. "We have a few moments to spare."

Sly Fox looked suspiciously at him, and then seating

himself on the ground, he drew from his wallet the remainder of some former meal, and began to eat.

A stick crackled, and the rustling of leaves was heard. Sly Fox dropped his hand from his mouth. His eyes did not rest a single instant on any particular object, yet did not seem to move; his ears seemed to stand more erect than usual. Heyward carelessly dismounted with an air of friendship.

"Sly Fox does not eat," he said. "His corn seems dry. Let me examine it."

The Indian held out his wallet. But when he felt Heyward's fingers touch his naked arm, he struck up the hand of the young man with a piercing cry, and plunged at a single bound into the opposite thicket. Chingachgook appeared from the bushes, and glided across the path in swift pursuit. Next followed the shout of Uncas, and the woods were lighted by the sharp report of the hunter's rifle.

"Would you set a cloud to chase the wind?" cried the disappointed Hawkeye. "He will draw us within reach of his comrades. Let him go!"

"Do not desert me!" cried Heyward as he looked around the gloomy woods, for night was fast coming on. "Stay with me to protect these helpless girls, and name your own reward."

Hawkeye and the two Indians were talking apart, and paid him no attention. Finally the hunter turned to the young man.

"Spare your offers of money," he said. "The Mohicans and I will do our best to protect these helpless children. First you must promise two things both for yourself and your friends."

"Name them."

"The one is to be as still as these sleeping woods, let what will happen; and the other is to keep the place where we shall take you forever a secret. If you do not promise these, without serving you, we shall only injure ourselves."

"I will do my utmost."

"Follow, for we are losing precious moments."

Heyward hurriedly told the girls what Hawkeye wished. Silently and without a moment's delay, they allowed him to assist them from their saddles, and descended to the water's edge. Here the scout collected the rest of the party. The Indians did not hesitate a moment, but taking the bridles, they led the frightened horses into the bed of the river.

At a short distance from the shore, they turned, and were soon concealed by the projection of the bank under the brow of which they moved in a direction

opposite to the course of the water. In the meantime the scout drew a canoe of bark from beneath some low bushes. Alice and Cora were placed in this, and as soon as they were seated the scout told Heyward to support one side of the vessel, and, posting himself at the other, they bore it up against the stream, followed by David Gamut. In this manner they proceeded for many rods in a silence that was only interrupted by the rippling of the water. Occasionally the scout would stop, and in the midst of a breathless stillness, would listen to catch any sound that might arise from the forest.

At length they reached a point in the river where Heyward saw a cluster of black objects in a spot where the high bank threw a deeper shadow than usual on the dark waters. Here the Indians had hidden the horses, and here they rejoined Hawkeye and his party.

The river was confined between high and cragged rocks. These were surmounted by tall trees which appeared to totter on the brows of a precipice, and which gave the river the appearance of running through a deep and narrow dell. At no great distance ahead a cataract poured its waters into caverns. There the river seemed to be piled up against the sky, and then

to come roaring down. The current was swift and full of eddies.

The horses had been fastened to some scattered shrubs that grew in the fissures of the rock where, standing in the water, they were left to pass the night. The scout told Heyward and his fellow travelers to seat themselves in the forward end of the canoe, and took possession of the other himself, erect and steady. The Indians carefully retraced their steps towards the place they had left, while the scout, placing his pole against a rock, sent the canoe by a powerful shove directly into the center of the turbulent stream. Forbidden to stir even a hand, and almost afraid to breathe, the girls watched the glancing waters in feverish suspense. Twenty times they thought they would be swept away. After a long and desperate struggle, the canoe floated at the side of a flat rock that lay on a level with the water.

"Where are we, and what is next to be done?" asked Heyward.

"You are at the foot of Glenn's," returned the scout, "and the next thing is to make a steady landing, lest the canoe upset, and you should go down again the hard road faster than you came up. Go on the rock, and I will bring up the Mohicans with the venison."

Heyward, David, and the girls gladly obeyed. As the last foot touched the rock, the canoe was whirled away. The travelers remained a few minutes in helpless ignorance, afraid even to move along the broken rocks, lest a false step should throw them down into one of the many deep and roaring caverns into which the water tumbled on every side of them. But the canoe soon shot back into the eddy, and floated again at the side of the low rock, with the help of the Indians.

The scout busied himself in collecting the venison and other provisions which he had brought with him. Chingachgook and his son shouldered the canoe, and the three moved quietly past the travelers. They disappeared one after another seeming to vanish against the dark face of a perpendicular rock within a few feet of the water's edge.

## CHAPTER III

### THE CAVE UNDER THE WATERFALL

Heyward and the girls saw this mysterious movement with secret uneasiness. They felt that they could trust the white man, yet his rude dress, his blunt speech, and the character of his silent friends were all causes for exciting terror in minds that had been so recently alarmed by Indian treachery.

Smothered voices were soon heard, as though men called to each other, and a light suddenly flashed upon those without, laying bare the secret of the place. At the farther end of a narrow cavern in the rock, whose length appeared greater than it really was in the light by which it was seen, was seated the scout holding up a blazing knot of pine. The strong glare of the fire fell full upon his sturdy, weatherbeaten face and forest attire. At a little distance in advance stood Uncas, his whole person thrown into view. The travelers looked anxiously at the upright figure of the young Mohican, graceful in every movement. He wore the green-fringed hunting shirt of the white man. His

eyes were dark and fearless; the bold outline of haughty features pure in their native red. His head was bare like that of Chingachgook, save for the tuft on the crown.

"I could sleep in peace," whispered Alice, "with such a fearless looking youth for sentinel."

The scout called to them, and they all entered the cavern. "This fire begins to show too bright a flame," said Hawkeye, "and might light the Iroquois to our undoing. Uncas, drop the blanket, and show the enemy the dark side!"

Uncas did as the other directed, and, when the voice of Hawkeye ceased, the roar of the cataract sounded like the rumbling of distant thunder.

"Are we quite safe in this cavern?" asked Heyward.

Hawkeye for answer lifted another blanket, and showed him that the cave had two entrances. Then holding the pine knot, he crossed a deep and narrow chasm in the rocks which ran at right angles to the passage they were in, and entered another cave exactly like the first.

"Such old foxes as Chingachgook and myself are not often caught in a burrow with one hole," said the scout laughing. "The fall was once a few yards below us, and I dare say was, in its time, as regular and



fine a sheet of water as any along the Hudson. But the place is sadly changed. The rocks are full of cracks, and the water has worked out deep hollows for itself, until it has fallen back some hundred feet or more."

"Are we on an island?" asked Heyward.

"Ay—there are falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the top of this rock, and look at the water. It falls by no rule at all; sometimes it leaps; sometimes it tumbles; there it skips, here it shoots; in one place 'tis as white as snow, and in another 'tis as green as grass; it pitches into deep hollows that rumble and quake the earth; it ripples and sings like a brook. First it runs smoothly along, then it angles about and faces the shores, as if unwilling to leave the wilderness to mingle with the salt. A few rods below you may see all the water flowing on steadily towards the sea."

After Hawkeye had assured them of their safety in the cave, they began to get supper ready. They had venison and plenty of fresh water, besides a keg of spruce. Uncas had brought green sassafras boughs for the girls to sit on. Everything seemed safe, and their uneasiness was gradually dying away. Behind the blanket the roar of the cataract was subdued, and

seemed miles away. The pine knot and the fire by which they did their cooking brightened the dark cavern. The mingled odors of the cooking venison, and the fragrant sassafras boughs smelled good to the hungry and tired girls, for you must remember that they had been traveling all day. Their fears gradually subsided and they talked and ate cheerfully and even gayly.

A cry that seemed neither human or earthly rose outside, penetrating the recesses of the cavern, and striking terror into the hearts of all who heard it. A deep stillness followed.

"What is it?" whispered Alice after a few moments of terrible suspense.

"What is it?" repeated Heyward.

Neither Hawkeye nor the Indians made any reply. They listened as if expecting the sound would be repeated. At length they spoke together earnestly in the Delaware language, and Uncas, passing by the inner opening, left the cavern. When he had gone Hawkeye spoke in English.

"What it is or what it is not, none of us here can tell, though two of us have ranged the woods for more than thirty years. Well, Uncas," speaking to the chief as he reëntered, "what do you see? Do our lights shine through the blanket?"

The answer was short. There was nothing to be seen without.

"Go into the other cave," continued Hawkeye to the girls, "and sleep. We must be afoot long before sunrise, and make the most of our time to get to the fort while the Iroquois are taking their morning nap."

Heyward took with him a blazing knot which threw a dim light in their new apartment.

"Do not leave us, Duncan," said Alice as the two sisters lay down on the sassafras boughs. "We cannot sleep in this place."

"You must both sleep," said Duncan, and then stopped, for while his eyes were fixed on Alice the same strong, horrid cry as before filled the air. A long breathless silence followed. The blanket was raised, and Hawkeye stood in the opening.

"'Twould be neglecting a warning that is given for our good to lie hidden any longer," said he. "The girls must stay here, but the Mohicans and I will watch on the rock, where I suppose Heyward would wish to keep us company. I have listened to all the sounds of the woods for thirty years. There is no whine of the panther, no whistle of the cat-bird, nor any invention of the Iroquois that can cheat me. I have listened to the wind playing its music in the branches

of the trees, and I have heard the lightning cracking in the air, but neither the Mohicans nor I can explain the cry just heard."

The whole party came from their hiding place into the chasm which separated the two caverns. The air felt cool and invigorating. A heavy breeze swept along the surface of the water. The moon had risen, and its light was glancing here and there on the waters above them, but the rock on which they stood lay in the shadow.

"There is nothing to be seen but the gloom and quiet of a lovely evening," whispered Duncan Heyward.

"Listen!" interrupted Alice.

Once more the same sound arose as if from the bed of the river, and echoed through the forest.

"I know the cry!" said Duncan. "It is the shriek of a terrified horse. In the open air I know the sound well."

"The wolves must be hovering above their heads," said Hawkeye, "and they are calling on us for aid. Uncas, drop down in the canoe and hurl a brand among the pack."

A howl was raised on the edge of the water as though the wolves were being driven away by some one else.

The three foresters talked together for a few moments; then Hawkeye placed the others in the shadow, and while they nodded or slept he and the Mohicans kept careful watch. All through the night not a sound escaped them, and one watching could hardly have told that they breathed, so motionless did they sit.

The moon had set, and a pale streak of light above the trees had told that day was coming when Hawkeye stirred. He awoke Duncan.

"Call the girls!" he whispered. "It is time to go! Be ready to get in the canoe when I bring it to the landing place."

Heyward lifted a shawl from the sleeping girls. "Cora! Alice! It is time to move."

A loud shriek from Alice was his unexpected answer, and Cora stood upright in terror. While the words were still on Heyward's lips there had arisen a tumult of yells, and the cries of savages filled the woods. Then came bright flashes and the quick report of a dozen rifles.

Duncan led the way into the cavern in an instant, and soon he and the girls and David Gamut were safe within the rocks; then Heyward rejoined the scout and the Indians outside. They stationed themselves in the fissures of the rocks and in the thicket of scrub

pine. Everything was silent. Not an Indian was to be seen, but Hawkeye knew them too well to think that they were so easily beaten back. The day had dawned, and the watching men were able to look into the woods and distinguish objects beneath the gloomy pines.

"I see them! I see them!" cried Hawkeye. "They're gathering for the rush. Well, let them come on! The leading man comes to his death though it should be Montcalm himself!"

At that moment the woods were filled with another burst of cries, and at the signal four savages burst from the cover of the drift wood. A short sharp fight followed, in which two of them were overcome.

Heyward found himself struggling with one on the edge of the waterfall. The savage was trying to throw the white man over. At the moment of extreme danger, just as they were tottering on the precipice, Heyward felt a strong arm pull him back. Uncas had saved his life! The savage fell over into the cataract.

"To cover, to cover!" cried Hawkeye. "To cover for your lives! The work is but half ended!"

The young Mohican gave a shout of triumph, and the three hid among the friendly rocks and shrubs. Though the trees and bushes were cut in a hundred

different places by bullets, yet their cover was so close they were not harmed.

"Uncas has saved my life," whispered Heyward, "and he has made a friend who will never forget him."

Uncas partly raised his body, and offered his hand to Heyward who forgot the character and condition of the young savage, and the two exchanged looks of friendship.

"That bullet was better aimed than common," exclaimed Duncan shrinking from a shot which struck the rock at his side with a smart rebound.

Hawkeye laid his hand on the shapeless metal, and shook his head as he examined it, saying, "Falling lead is never flattened! Had it come from the clouds, this might have happened!"

Uncas raised his rifle, directing the eyes of his companions to a point where the mystery was explained. A ragged oak grew on the right bank of the river nearly opposite to their position, and it had inclined so far forward that its upper branches overhung the stream. Among the topmost leaves a savage was nestled, partly concealed by the trunk of the trees. Uncas delayed his fire until the scout was ready and uttered the word. The rifles flashed, the leaves and bark of the oak flew into the air, and were scattered by the wind, but the

Indian answered their assault by a taunting laugh, sending down upon them another bullet in return that struck the cap of Hawkeye from his hand. Once more the savage yells burst from the wood.

"This must be looked to!" said the scout glancing about him with an anxious eye. "Uncas, call up your father! we have need of all our weapons to bring the Iroquois down."

Before Hawkeye had reloaded his rifle, they were joined by Chingachgook. When his son pointed out the dangerous enemy to the warrior, the usual "Hugh," burst from his lips. The Mohicans and Hawkeye talked together earnestly for a few moments in the Delaware language, and each quietly took his post. In the meantime the savage had kept up a quick fire but his aim was now interrupted by the rifles of his four enemies. It did not take long for them to dislodge the Iroquois from the oak. He fell exhausted at last into the river. A single yell burst from the woods and all again was still.

"Uncas, lad," said Hawkeye, "go down to the canoe, and bring up the big horn; it is all the powder we have left, and we shall need it to the last grain."

The young Mohican obeyed, leaving the scout turning over the useless contents of his pouch. The



latter was soon startled by a loud cry from the young Indian. Hawkeye and his companions moved by a common impulse, rushed down the pass to the chasm so rapidly that the scattered fire of their enemies was made perfectly harmless. The cry had brought the sisters, together with David, from their hiding place; and the whole party saw what had happened at a single glance. At a short distance from the rock, their little bark was to be seen floating across the eddy toward the swift current of the river, in a manner which showed that an Indian must be hidden within.

"'Tis too late! 'tis too late!" Hawkeye cried, dropping his rifle in bitter disappointment. "The Iroquois has struck the rapid; and had we powder, it could hardly send the lead swifter than he now goes!"

The adventurous savage raised his head above the shelter of the canoe, and while it glided swiftly down the stream he waved his hand, and gave the shout which was the known signal of success. His cry was answered by a yell and a laugh from the woods.

"Well may you laugh," said the scout seating himself on a projection of the rock, "for the three quickest and truest rifles in these woods are no better without powder, than so many stalks of mullen."

"What is to be done?" cried Heyward. "Our

canoe is gone and with it our powder! What will become of us?"

Hawkeye shook his head.

"The Iroquois are not here yet!" exclaimed the young man. "We can defend ourselves in the caverns; we can oppose their landing!"

"With what?" demanded the scout; "the arrows of Uncas or such tears as women shed? No, no, it may be a minute or it may be an hour before they steal upon us, but come they will, and in such a fashion as will leave us nothing to hope. Chingachgook"—he spoke in Delaware—"my brother, we have fought our last battle together!"

"Uncas," said Chingachgook, "call on the cowards to hasten or their hearts will soften, and they will change to women!"

"The path is open on every side," cried Cora coming from her place of concealment, "escape to the woods! go, brave men, we owe you too much already!"

"You little know the craft of the Iroquois, if you judge they have left the path open to the woods!" returned Hawkeye; "and what answer could we give to your father when he asked us where and how we had left his children?"

"Why not try the river?" returned Cora. "You

can go to my father, and tell him to hasten to our aid. If the Iroquois capture us and bear us far away, he may still rescue us."

"There is reason in what you say," said the scout thoughtfully, and he spoke to his companions in the Delaware language. "Chingachgook, Uncas, do you hear the talk of the dark-eyed girl?"

The elder Mohican heard him with deep gravity, and after a few moments of hesitation, he waved his hand, and said, "Good!" Then replacing his knife and tomahawk in his girdle, he moved silently to the edge of the rock which was most concealed from the banks of the river. Here he paused a moment, pointed to the woods below, and saying a few words in his own language, he dropped into the water and sank from sight. The scout delayed his departure to speak to Cora.

"If you are led into the woods by the Iroquois," he said, "break the twigs on the bushes as you pass, and make the marks of your trail as broad as you can."

He gave Cora an affectionate shake of the hand, lifted his rifle, and after looking sorrowfully at it, laid it aside. He descended to the place where Chingachgook had just disappeared. For an instant he hung suspended by the rock, and, looking about him, said

bitterly, "Had the powder held out this disgrace could never have come to us!" Then, loosening his hold, the water closed above his head, and he also became lost to view.

All eyes were now turned on Uncas who stood leaning against the ragged rock. After waiting a short time, Cora pointed down the river and said,—

• "Is it not time for you to follow?"

"Uncas will stay," the young Mohican answered in English.

"No," said Cora decidedly; "it is my wish that you, too, go to my father, and bring aid from him."

The calm look of the young Mohican changed to one of gloom, but he no longer hesitated. With a noiseless step, he crossed the rock, and dropped into the troubled stream. Hardly a breath was drawn by those he left behind, until they caught a glimpse of his head coming up for air far down the river when he again sank and was seen no more.

Cora and Heyward went back into the cavern where Alice and David Gamut still lay concealed.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE CAPTURE

The sudden and almost magical change from the excitement of the fight to the stillness that lay around them, made Heyward and his companions feel as if they were in a dream. At first they listened intently for any sounds which might warn them of the approach of their enemies, but all was silent. Heyward then looked carefully in all directions, but the wooded banks of the river seemed deserted. The noise of the rushing waters rose and sank on the breeze. A fishhawk, which from the branches of a dead pine had seen the fray, now soared in wide circles through the air, while a jay made his noisy voice once more heard. Duncan began to have more hope in their escape.

"The Iroquois are not to be seen," said he to David. "We will hide in the inner cavern, and trust the rest to Providence."

He led the way through the narrow mouth of the cave, placed a pile of sassafras before the opening and

arranged the blankets, thus darkening the extreme end. He then seated himself in the center and grasped the pistol.

"The Iroquois if they come, may not gain our position as easily as they think," he muttered.

Minute after minute passed away in silence. The fresh air of the morning stole in the recess. It revived their courage, and they felt more hopeful.

Suddenly a yell burst into the air without.

"We are lost!" shrieked Alice.

"Not yet, not yet!" returned Heyward. "The sound came from the center of the island. We are not yet discovered, and there is still hope."

Perfect silence reigned again for a few moments, and then a second yell followed the first. A rush of voices was heard pouring down the island until they reached the rock above the caverns, where, after a shout of triumph, the air continued full of screams and cries. The sounds quickly spread around in every direction. Some called from the water's edge, and were answered from the heights above. Cries were heard in the chasm between the two caves, mingled with hoarser yells that arose from the deep ravine. In the midst of this tumult a triumphant yell was raised within a few yards of the hidden entrance to

the cave. Heyward gave up hope in the belief that they were discovered.

He heard voices collect near the spot where Hawkeye had left his rifle. The savages thought that the owner must be dead, and there were many exclamations of joy.

"The Long Rifle! The Long Rifle!" they cried.

"They have separated," said Heyward to the trembling sisters. "If they do not find us now, we are safe."

A few minutes of fearful stillness passed. Heyward could hear footsteps as the sassafras was pushed aside, causing the leaves to rustle and the branches to snap. At length the pile yielded a little, a corner of the blanket fell down, and a faint ray of light gleamed into the inner part of the cave.

Cora and Alice crept together and Heyward sprang to his feet. In a minute the number and loudness of the voices showed that the whole party was collected around the secret place. The two caves were so close to each other that Duncan believed escape was no longer possible; but he was mistaken. The savages, after upturning the furniture of the other cavern seemed to lose the trail, and they dashed out in the open air again and were heard rushing up the island.

"They are gone, Cora," whispered Heyward. "Alice, we are safe!"

The girls stood up in joy. Alice's eyes were radiant and her cheeks flushed. She raised her hands in her relief, but her bloom gave place to paleness and her fingers pointed forward as if paralyzed.

Heyward turned. Peering just above the ledge which formed the threshold of the open outlet of the cavern, he saw the fierce and savage features of Sly Fox. Duncan levelled his rifle and fired. When the smoke had cleared away, the Indian was gone. Rushing to the entrance, Heyward caught a glimpse of his dark figure stealing around a low and narrow ledge which soon hid him from sight.

Sly Fox raised his voice in a whoop. It was answered by a yell from the mouth of every Indian present. Before Duncan had time to move, the cavern was entered at both ends, and he and his companions were dragged from their shelter and borne into the open air where they stood surrounded by the whole band of triumphant Iroquois.

Contrary to their general practice, they respected not only Heyward, but also the trembling girls. His military attire held them in awe.



They demanded Hawkeye. "Hawkeye! Hawkeye!" was their cry.

Duncan could not understand their language. He called Sly Fox.

"Tell me what they wish," said he, looking with disgust at the treacherous savage.

"They ask for the hunter who knows the paths through the woods," returned Sly Fox in his broken English. "His rifle is good and his eye never shut; but, like the short gun of the white chief, it is nothing against the life of Sly Fox."

"He has gone—escaped."

Sly Fox smiled with contempt as he said:

"Is he a bird, to spread his wings, or is he a fish, to swim without air?"

"Though no fish, Hawkeye can swim," said Duncan. "He floated down the stream when the powder was all burnt, and when the eyes of the Iroquois were behind a cloud."

"And why did you stay?" demanded the Indian. "Are you a stone that sinks to the bottom?"

Heyward was becoming angry. "The white man thinks that none but cowards desert their women," he said.

Sly Fox muttered a few words between his teeth.

"Where is the Great Serpent, and the Nimble Deer?" he asked. "Have they leaped the river to the woods?"

Heyward knew that he meant Chingachgook and Uncas, and he said that they, too, had gone down with the water. Sly Fox turned to the savages, and told them what he had heard. They raised a frightful yell to show their disappointment. Some ran furiously to the water's edge, beating the air with frantic gestures; others with sullen and gloomy looks pointed savagely towards the little group of captives.

The leader, Sly Fox, summoned his warriors in council. Their deliberations were short, and the way in which the few speakers pointed in the direction of Fort Edward showed Heyward that they feared an attack from that quarter. After a hasty conference, the Iroquois bore the light bark canoe, which they had stolen from Hawkeye, from behind a rock, and placed it in the water near the mouth of the outer cavern. As soon as this change was made the leader made signs to the prisoners to descend and enter.

It was useless to resist, and Heyward led the way into the boat where he was soon seated with the sisters and David. Although the Iroquois were ignorant of the little channels among the eddies and rapids of the stream, they had had enough experience in canoeing

not to make any serious mistake. When the pilot chosen for the task of guiding the canoe had taken his place, the whole band plunged again into the river, the vessel glided down the current, and in a few minutes the captives found themselves on the bank of the stream, nearly opposite to the point where they had struck it the day before.

Here another short but earnest council was held, during which the horses, whose cries had been heard the preceding evening, were led from the cover of the wood, and brought to the sheltered spot. The band was now divided. A chief who seemed to direct the others mounted Heyward's charger, led the way directly across the river followed by most of his people, and disappeared in the woods, leaving the prisoners in charge of six savages at whose head was Sly Fox. Heyward was anxious to know the worst. He thought he would try to bribe the Iroquois chief with promises of gold.

"I would speak to Sly Fox," he now said, "what is fit only for so great a chief to hear."

The Indian looked at the young soldier scornfully as he answered,—

"Speak! trees have no ears."

"Sly Fox has proved himself worthy of the name

given him by his Canada fathers;" commenced Heyward. "I see his wisdom, and all that he has done for us, and shall remember it when the hour to reward him arrives."

"What has Sly Fox done?" coldly demanded the Indian.

"What! has he not seen that the woods were filled with the enemy? Then did he not lose his path to blind the eyes of the Iroquois? Did he not pretend to go back to his tribe? And when we saw what he wished to do, did we not aid him by making a false face, that the Iroquois might think the white man believed his friend was his enemy. Is not this all true? Does not Sly Fox mean to turn on his footsteps, and carry the daughters of Rich Munro to their father? Yes, I see it all, and I have already been thinking how so much wisdom and honesty should be repaid. First Sly Fox will carry a medal of beaten gold, his horn will run over with powder, dollars will be as plenty in his pouch as pebbles on the shore of the lake; and the deer will lick his hand, for they know it will be vain to fly from the rifle he will carry."

The Indian listened gravely as Heyward spoke. When the white man finished, he said,—

"Enough; Sly Fox is a wise chief, and what he does

will be seen. Go, and keep the mouth shut. When Sly Fox speaks, it will be the time to answer."

Heyward fell back immediately. There was no longer any excuse for delay. The girls were assisted into their saddles, but Heyward and David were compelled to walk. Their course lay in a direction nearly opposite to the road to Fort William Henry.

They went on mile after mile through the woods. Heyward watched the sun and listened for the return of Hawkeye with aid. Whenever there was a chance, Cora stretched out her hand to break off twigs so that their friends might have some clue. Once she broke down the bough of a large sumach, and once let her glove fall. Her captors picked up the glove and broke the remaining branches of the sumach in such a manner that it looked as if some beast had been struggling there.

Sly Fox never spoke and never hesitated in his course. He held his way through little vales, across brooks and rivulets, and over hills with the directness of a bird. After crossing a low vale through which a winding brook flowed, he suddenly ascended a hill, steep and hard to climb. When the summit was gained they found themselves on a grassy spot thinly covered with trees, and here for the first time the party was allowed to rest.

"What would you have?" asked Cora.

"What an Iroquois loves—good for good; bad for bad!"

"You would then revenge yourself on Munro's daughters. Would it not be more like a man to go before his face, and take the satisfaction of a warrior?"

"The arms of the palefaces are long, and their knives sharp," returned the savage. "Why should Sly Fox go among the muskets of his warriors, when he holds the spirit of Munro in his hands?"

"It would be better," pleaded Cora, "to take the gold of Munro instead of his daughters. Is there no reward I can offer, no way of softening your heart? Release my sister, and satisfy your revenge on me!"

Sly Fox shook his head, and motioned her away. She hurried back to her friends, and told them of the interview and how useless it was to try to bribe the revengeful savage.

In the meantime Sly Fox approached the little group of Iroquois, and commenced speaking to them with the dignity of an Indian chief. As he used his native language, the prisoners could not understand his words, although they imagined much from his gestures. He pointed frequently toward the direction







of the Great Lakes, the land of their fathers. He was reciting a tale of their wrongs,—all that they had suffered from the white men.

“Are the Iroquois dogs to bear all this?” he cried, and his voice was no longer audible in the burst of rage which now broke on the air. The whole band sprang to their feet, and rushed upon their prisoners in a body, with uplifted tomahawks. Heyward threw himself between the sisters and the foremost savage whom he grappled with a desperate strength. After a struggle, two powerful warriors overpowered Heyward and David, and bound them to the trunk of a young sapling. Alice and Cora met the same fate, and the chief, whose rage and passion could no longer be controlled, ran forward.

“Now die!” shouted Sly Fox, hurling his tomahawk at Alice. It struck the tree above her head. The sight maddened Heyward to desperation. With a mighty effort, he snapped the twigs that bound him and rushed upon the nearest savage. A whistling sound swept past him accompanied by the crack of a rifle, and to his astonishment the savage fell dead on the faded leaves by his side.

“The Long Rifle! The Long Rifle!” burst from every lip, and was succeeded by a wild and plaintive howl

from the savages. Then came cries of: "Great Serpent! Nimble Deer!"

Following Hawkeye, Chingachgook and Uncas came into sight. They had not gone to the fort for aid, but under the banks of the stream had waited to watch the movements of the Iroquois. When they saw the broken bush they knew they were on the right scent. Hawkeye had seized his rifle from the pile of arms which the incautious savages had left in the near by thicket. The Indians rushed upon the rescuing party; neither side had firearms, for Hawkeye had no time to load his rifle, and he could use it only as a club.

After a short but fierce encounter, Sly Fox was the only enemy left. Chingachgook attacked him. Well did these warriors deserve their names of Sly Fox and Great Serpent. Suddenly darting toward each other, they closed and came to earth. The spot where they lay could only be distinguished by a cloud of dust and leaves. They rolled to the edge of the little plain, twisting and turning in each other's grasp. The Mohican found an opportunity to make a thrust with his knife. Sly Fox suddenly relinquished his grasp and fell backward, seemingly without life. His adversary leaped on his feet, making the arches of the forest ring with the sounds of triumph.

"Well done for the Delawares! Victory to the Mohicans!" cried Hawkeye.

But at that very moment the subtle Iroquois rolled swiftly over the edge of the little precipice which terminated the plain, and, falling on his feet, was seen leaping at a single bound into the center of a thicket of low bushes which clung along its sides. The Mohicans, who had believed their enemy dead, followed. Hawkeye called them back.

"Let him go! Let him go! 'Tis but one man, and he, without rifle or bow, many a long mile from his French comrades, is like a rattler that has lost his fangs. He can do no further mischief."

## CHAPTER V

### THE JOURNEY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY

The joy and gratitude of Alice and Cora knew no bounds, but Hawkeye and his Indian friends did not stop to listen to anything. They walked away to examine the arms that the Iroquois had left in the thicket. Chingachgook and Uncas found their own, and Heyward and David were soon well furnished with weapons and ammunition.

By this the time had arrived when it was necessary to move. They descended the steep hill and at the foot found the horses browsing on the bushes. The party mounted, and followed Hawkeye as guide. He soon left the path the Iroquois had followed, turned short to the right, and, entering a thicket, crossed a babbling brook and halted in a narrow dell under the shade of a few water elms. Here the Indians and Hawkeye leaned their rifles against the trees.

They commenced to throw aside the dry leaves on the ground, and soon disclosed a blue clay surface out of which a clear and sparkling stream of water quickly

bubbled. The girls dismounted, and Uncas built a fire. The Iroquois had left some fragments of food which Hawkeye had put in his wallet. They now prepared some sort of meal.

"The Iroquois know the virtue of the waters of this spring," said the hunter.

"Is it so famous?" asked Heyward, looking curiously around at the secluded dell with its bubbling fountain, surrounded as it was by earth of a deep dingy brown.

"Few redskins who travel south and east of the Great Lakes, but have heard of its qualities."

The spot where our hero and his friends ate their meal is where Ballston Spa now stands. Fifty years after their visit it became one of the two principal watering places in America.

Hawkeye now gave the word to go on. The sisters mounted their horses; Duncan and David grasped their rifles and followed them. The hunter led the advance, and the Mohicans brought up the rear.

The sun had now fallen low towards the distant mountains, and as their journey lay through the forest, the heat was no longer oppressive; therefore they made rapid progress. The hunter gave occasional glances at the moss on the trees, or towards the setting sun, to determine his path. The forest began to lose its vivid

green, and Cora and Alice were trying to catch a glimpse through the trees of the flood of golden glory which formed a halo around the sun, when the sturdy Hawkeye led the way boldly into a dense thicket of young chestnuts.

After penetrating through the brush matted with briars for a few hundred feet, he entered an open space which surrounded a low green hillock. This was crowned by a decayed blockhouse. The roof of bark had long since fallen in and mingled with the soil, but the huge logs of pine still kept their position. Hawkeye explained that this had been the scene of a bloody battle between the Mohicans or Delawares and the Mohawks. The grey light, the gloomy little area of dark grass surrounded by a border of bushes, and the knowledge of the many dead Mohawks who had once lain there terrified the girls.

"They're gone; they're harmless," said Hawkeye. "They'll never shout the war whoop again. Chingachgook and I alone are living of all that formed the war party. You see before you all that are left of the Mohican race.

"Uncas," continued he, "clear out the spring, while your father makes a cover of chestnut shoots, for these girls, and a bed of grass and leaves."

A corner of the building was roofed in, and piles of sweet shrubs and dried leaves were laid beneath for the tired sisters to rest on.

Soon all was quiet. Chingachgook kept watch while the weary travelers slept. The mournful notes of the whip-poor-will were blended with the moanings of the owl. The leaves were ruffled by a gentle breeze and the friendly stars shed their rays on the crumbling blockhouse.

Duncan Heyward was awakened by a light tap on the shoulder.

"Who comes?" he asked feeling for his weapon. "Speak! Friend or enemy?"

"Friend!" replied the low voice of Chingachgook. "Moon comes—white man's fort far off—time to move."

The girls were aroused, and while they made preparations for their journey, the Mohicans gave an exclamation of warning. The horses were led into the blockhouse, and the whole party took refuge there in the most guarded silence. Duncan grasped his rifle and fastened his eyes upon the narrow opening through which he gazed upon the moonlit view with anxiety. There was a rustling of leaves without and a crackling of dried twigs, which proved that their enemies must

be at hand. The light of the moon was not sufficiently strong to penetrate the deep arches of the forest.

Now the beating of brush was heard and the savages were so near that the least motion of one of the horses, or even a louder breath than usual, would have betrayed the fugitives.

The savages drew back, talked to each other in an earnest and solemn manner, and presently the sounds grew fainter and more distant, and were finally lost in the depths of the forest.

Hawkeye waited until a sign from the listening Chingachgook assured him that all was safe. He motioned to Heyward to lead forth the horses and help the sisters into their saddles. The instant this was done they issued from the broken gateway, and stealing out by an opposite direction they left the soft light of the moon to bury themselves in the gloom of the woods.

Not the least sound arose from the forest, unless it was the distant and scarcely audible rippling of a brook. Bird, beast, and man appeared to slumber alike. Toward the sounds of the rivulet they immediately held their way. When its banks were reached, Hawkeye halted, and taking the moccasins from his feet he told Heyward and David Gamut to



do the same. He then entered the water, and for near an hour they traveled on the bed of the brook, leaving no trail. The moon was sinking when Hawkeye led the way to a sandy and wooded plain.

"We are no great distance from Fort William Henry, are we?" asked Heyward.

"It is yet a long and weary path, and when and where to strike it is now our greatest difficulty," answered Hawkeye.

"Have you seen much service on this frontier?"

"Ay," said the hunter, erecting his tall form with an air of military pride, "there are not many echoes among these hills that have not rung with the crack of Killdeer. Hist! do you see nothing walking on the shore of that pond?"

"Who goes there?" demanded a stern, quick voice in French.

"What does he say?" whispered the scout. "He speaks neither Indian nor English."

"Who goes there?" again demanded the voice.

"France!" cried Heyward in the same language, advancing from the shadow of the trees to the shore of the pond within a few feet of the sentinel.

"Are you an officer of the king?"

“Certainly. I have with me the daughters of the commander of the fort.”

The sentinel, with a gracious bow, allowed them to pass, thinking them of course of his own nationality. But Heyward and his friends were troubled, for they realized that the French surrounded the fort, and how to get through their lines without betraying themselves puzzled them.

They struck off toward the mountains which formed the western boundary of the narrow plain. The route was painful, lying over ground ragged with rocks. When they came from the stunted woods which clung to the barren sides of the mountain upon a flat and mossy rock that formed its summit, they met the morning sun as it rose blushing above the green pines of a hill that lay on the opposite side of the valley of Lake George.

Immediately at the feet of the party the southern shore of the lake swept in a broad semicircle. Directly on the shore, and nearer to its western than its eastern margin, lay the earthen ramparts and low buildings of William Henry. The land had been cleared of wood for a reasonable distance around the work. In front might be seen the scattered sentinels who held weary watch. Toward the southeast, from

the woods, arose the smoke of fires, which showed that the enemy, the French, lay in force in that direction. That which caused the party the most anxiety was that on the western bank of the lake were to be seen the white tents and military engines of an encampment of ten thousand men. While they gazed on the scene which lay like a map at their feet, the roar of artillery rose from the valley and passed off in thundering echoes along its eastern hills

"We are too late!" said the hunter. "Montcalm has already filled the woods with his Iroquois."

The sisters were bidden dismount and the horses were turned loose. Hawkeye ran down the declivity with free but careful steps and the others followed. They were soon about one-half mile from the western side of the fort, but now the fog which had been rolling heavily down the lake, wrapped the camp of the enemy in its mist. Before they had proceeded twenty yards it was difficult for them to distinguish each other in the vapor.

They had made a little circuit to the left and were rapidly getting nearer to the fort, when within twenty feet of them came the fierce call in French:

"Who goes there?"

"Push on!" whispered the hunter.

"Push on!" repeated Heyward.

The question was renewed by a dozen voices.

"Who goes there?"

"It is I!" answered Heyward, dragging, rather than leading, the girls.

"Who?"

"A friend of France."

"You have more the manner of an enemy of France! Stop! No? Then fire, men! Fire!"

The order was obeyed instantly, and the fog was stirred by the explosion of fifty muskets. Happily the aim was poor, and the bullets cut the air in a direction a little different from that taken by the fugitives. The outcry was renewed, and the order not only to fire again, but to pursue, was plainly heard. When Heyward had briefly explained the meaning of the words, Hawkeye halted, and spoke with great firmness:

"Let us fire," he said. "They will believe us to be the enemy, and give way."

The instant the French heard the report, it seemed as if the plain were alive with men, muskets rattling along its whole extent from the shores of the lake to the furtherest boundary of the wood.

"We shall draw the entire army upon us!" cried

Duncan; "lead on, my friend, for your own life and for ours."

The scout seemed willing to obey, but in the hurry of the moment and in the change of position, he had lost the direction. In vain he turned either cheek to the light air; they felt equally cool. A crashing sound was heard, and a cannon ball entered the little thicket where they were, striking the trunk of a tree and rebounding to the earth. Uncas suddenly lighted on the furrow where it had cut the ground.

"It is a small hope," said the scout, "but it is better than nothing. This shot has ploughed the earth in its road from the fort. Give me the range," and he bent to catch a glimpse of the direction and then instantly moved onward. "The fog may leave us in the middle of our path, a mark for both armies to shoot at."

Heyward placed himself between the sisters, and drew them swiftly forward, keeping the dim figure of their leader in sight. Cries and voices calling to each other, and the reports of muskets were now quick and incessant, and seemingly on every side. Suddenly a strong glare of light flashed across the scene, the fog rolled upward in thick wreaths, and several cannon belched across the plain, and the roar was thrown heavi-

ly back from the bellowing echoes of the mountain.

"'Tis from the fort!" cried Hawkeye, turning short on his track; "we are wrong—and are rushing to the woods under the very knives of the Iroquois!"

The instant their mistake was discovered, the whole party retraced their steps. Men, hot and angry in pursuit, were evidently on their footsteps, and each moment threatened their capture.

"Stand firm and be ready, my gallant 60ths," suddenly exclaimed a voice above them. "Wait to see the enemy, and fire low!"

"Father, father!" exclaimed a piercing cry from out the mist; "it is I, Alice! Save your daughters!"

"Hold!" shouted the former speaker in a voice that reached even to the woods, and rolled back in solemn echo. "Throw open the sally port; to the field, 60ths, to the field! Pull not a trigger, lest you kill my daughters. Drive off these Frenchmen with your steel."

Duncan, guided by the sound, darted to the spot, and met a long line of dark red warriors. He knew them for his own battalion of Royal Americans, and, flying to their head, soon swept every trace of his pursuers from before the works.

For an instant Cora and Alice stood trembling and

bewildered by this desertion, but, before either had time for thought or even speech, an officer of gigantic frame, whose hair was bleached with years of service, rushed out of the body of the mist, and the girls were clasped in their father's arms.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE MASSACRE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY

A few days were passed amid the privations, the uproar, and the dangers of the siege which was vigorously pressed against William Henry by the French, whose commander was General Montcalm. Munro had no means of resisting the enemy, and it seemed as if General Webb with his army which lay on the banks of the Hudson, had utterly forgotten how hard pressed his brother officer was, for no more assistance came. Montcalm had filled the woods with his Iroquois savages, every yell and whoop from whom sounded in the English encampment. He had planted his batteries on the plain and they were used by men of vigor and skill. To oppose these assaults, the besieged English had only the very hasty and imperfect preparations of a fortress in the wilderness.

On the 8th of August, 1757, there came a letter to General Munro from Fort Edward, advising him to surrender. General Webb wrote that Fort Edward



could spare no more men, and that it would be useless to resist Montcalm longer. It was then openly announced that fighting must cease. Munro signed a treaty with General Montcalm by which the place was to be yielded to the enemy the next morning, the garrison to retain their arms, their colors, and their baggage. Montcalm also promised the English an escort of French soldiers through the woods.

In the early morning of the 9th the first tap of the French drums was echoed from the bosom of the fort, and presently the valley was filled with the strains of martial music, rising long, thrilling, and lively above the rattling accompaniment. The horns of the victors sounded merry and cheerful flourishes, until the last laggard of the camp was at his post. When the line of the French army was ready to receive its general, the rays of a brilliant sun were glancing along the glittering array.

A very different scene took place within the lines of the defeated English. As soon as the fifes gave the warning signal, the sullen soldiers shouldered their empty rifles, and fell into their places. Women and children ran from place to place, some bearing the scanty remnants of their baggage, and others searching in the ranks for relatives and friends. It was necessary

that General Munro and Duncan Heyward should stay at the head of the troops. Therefore the latter sought out David Gamut, and said to the simple-minded fellow,—

“It will be your duty to see that none dare to approach the young ladies with harmful intention. It is possible that the Indians and stragglers of the enemy intrude. Then you must remind them of the terms of the treaty, and threaten to report them to General Montcalm.”

“Even so,” assented David cheerfully.

Heyward took their new escort to the girls, and promised that he and their father would join them when they had led the advance a few miles towards the Hudson. He then took his leave.

By this time the signal of departure had been given and the head of the English column was in advance. As every vehicle and horse was occupied by the sick and wounded, Cora and Alice had decided to walk rather than interfere with their comforts. As it was, many a feeble soldier was compelled to drag himself along for want of a conveyance in that wilderness. The whole force was now in motion, the weak and wounded, their comrades silent and sullen, and the women and children in terror, they knew not of what.

As the timid throng left the protecting mounds of

the fort, and came out upon the open plain, the whole scene lay before them. At a little distance on the right, and somewhat in the rear, the French stood to their arms, Montcalm having collected his parties as soon as his guards had possession of the works. Nearly three thousand of the English, in several masses, were moving slowly across the plain, gradually approaching each other, as they came to the point of their march, a vista cut through the trees where the road to the Hudson entered the forest. Along the sweeping borders of the woods hung a dark cloud of savages watching their enemies. A few had straggled among the columns where they walked in silent discontent.

The advance with Heyward at its head had already reached the forest, and was slowly disappearing, when Cora's attention was drawn to a group of the stragglers by the sounds of quarreling. A soldier was being plundered of his baggage by an Indian. Men from either side interfered, some to prevent, and others to aid in the robbery. Voices grew loud and angry, and a hundred savages appeared, as if by magic, where a dozen only had been seen a few moments before. It was then that Cora saw the form of Sly Fox gliding among his countrymen. The mass of women and children stopped.

Suddenly Sly Fox placed his hands to his mouth and raised the fatal whoop. The scattered Indians started at the cry, and directly there arose such a yell along the plain and through the arches of the woods as seldom burst from human lips before. More than two hundred raging savages broke from the forest at the signal. There followed one of the bloodiest battles of the Colonial Wars. It is known in history as the Massacre of Fort William Henry.

The trained bodies of the troops threw themselves quickly into masses, endeavoring to awe their assailants by the appearance of a military front. Far too many, however, suffered their unloaded weapons to be torn from their hands in the vain hope of appeasing the savages.

On every side rose shrieks and groans. In such a scene none had time to notice the fleeting moments. It might have been ten minutes (it seemed an age) that the sisters stood in one spot, horror-stricken and nearly helpless. David Gamut, who had promised Heyward that he would try to help the girls, was with them. Alice caught a glimpse of her father moving rapidly across the plain in the direction of the French army. He was going to Montcalm, fearless of every danger, to claim the escort which the latter had promised him and which had failed to appear.

"Father! Father! we are here," shrieked Alice as he passed.

He did not hear her, however, and Alice sank on the ground.

"Come," said David who did not dream of deserting the trust that Heyward had given him. "Let us escape now!"

"Go" cried Cora, "and save yourself. I cannot leave my sister."

Sly Fox, raging from group to group, caught the sound of their voices. He uttered a yell of pleasure when he saw his former prisoners at his mercy.

"Hugh!" he said, and catching Alice's light form in his arms, the subtle Indian ran swiftly across the plain towards the wood.

"Stop!" shrieked Cora, following him wildly. "Release the child, wretch! What is it you would do?"

Sly Fox was deaf to her voice.

"Stay, lady—stay!" called Gamut, following in his turn the distracted sister. In this manner they crossed the plain. The Indians knew David to be simple-minded, and by them all such were regarded as having a protecting spirit. Thus the three white people escaped the bloodthirsty savages.

Sly Fox entered the woods through a low ravine.

Here he had placed in readiness the horses which the travelers had abandoned a few days before, and which the Indians had, in the meantime, taken possession of. He placed Alice and Cora on one, and, seizing the bridle, commenced his journey by plunging deeper in the forest. David, seeing that he was left alone, threw himself in the saddle of the other horse, and followed as quickly as the roughness of the path allowed.

Three days after, about an hour before the setting of the sun, the forms of five men might have been seen issuing from the narrow vista of trees where the path to the Hudson entered the forest, and advancing in the direction of the ruined works. At first they walked slowly, as though they entered with reluctance amid the horrors of the spot. Two were Indians, the remaining three were white men. In other words, these were the two Mohicans, Hawkeye, Heyward, and General Munro, the father of Alice and Cora. They had been, and still were, searching for the two girls, whom they feared were dead.

"Hugh!" exclaimed the young savage, rising on his toes and gazing intently into the forest.

"What is it, boy?" whispered the scout.

Uncas, without making any reply, bounded away from the spot and in the next instant was seen tearing

from a bush, and waving in triumph, a fragment of the green riding veil of Cora.

"It is my child's!" exclaimed Munro.

"Uncas will try to find her," was the young Mohican's answer.

Soon the anxious party saw another portion of the veil fluttering on the lower limb of a beech.

"Here on the edge of this pool is the footstep of a man!" cried Heyward, after they had entered a little way into the forest. "They must be captives."

"Better so than left to starve in the wilderness," said Hawkeye, "and they will leave a wider trail. I would wager fifty beaver skins against as many flints that the Mohicans and I enter their wigwams within the month. Here is the print of a moccasin, Uncas. What can you make of it?"

The young Mohican bent over the track, and removing the scattered leaves from around the place he examined it carefully.

"Sly Fox!" he said, as he arose from his knees.

"Ha!" said Hawkeye, "there will never be an end of his loping till Killdeer has said a friendly word to him."

"But one moccasin is so much like another, there must be some mistake," cried Heyward.

"One moccasin like another!" exclaimed Hawkeye. "You may as well say that one foot is like another; though we all know that some are long and others short; some broad and others narrow; some with high and some with low insteps; some in-toed and some out."

They found the print of David's footstep, and then the traces of horses.

"It is probable they are near the border of the Canadas," said Hawkeye; "for yonder where the beasts have been bound runs the broad pathway to the north. By this time the St. Lawrence; or perhaps the Great Lakes themselves, are between us."

"Let us push on!" urged Heyward impatiently.

"We are not about to go on a squirrel hunt," answered the hunter, "or to drive deer, but to outlie for days and nights, and to stretch across a wilderness where the feet of men seldom go. An Indian never starts on such an expedition without smoking over a council fire, and, though a man of white blood, I honor this custom. We will go back and light our fire to-night in the ruins of the old fort, and in the morning we shall be fresh and ready to undertake our work like men, and not like babbling women or eager boys."

Heyward took the arm of General Munro and fol-



lowed the Indians and hunter who retraced the path which led them to the plain.

After Hawkeye and the Indians had lighted their fire and taken their evening meal of dried bear's meat, the former placed himself at an angle of the works where he might act as sentinel, and yet see what was going on within the circle of his friends. After a short pause, Chingachgook lighted a pipe whose bowl was curiously carved in one of the soft stones of the country, and whose stem was a tube of wood, and commenced sucking. When he had inhaled enough, he gave the pipe to the hunter, and he in turn to Uncas. Three times was the pipe passed around before Chingachgook spoke in a calm and dignified tone proposing the subject they were to discuss. The hunter answered, and in the Indian language they talked of the best method to rescue the girls. Uncas listened respectfully until his opinion was asked.

After the older men had given their ideas, they paid a courteous attention until Uncas had finished speaking. The Indians urged a pursuit by land, and Hawkeye, by water. The white man spoke eloquently against the long and painful path amid rocks and water courses. He spoke of the age of Munro, the inexperience of Heyward; he mentioned the light movements of the

canoe and the necessity of leaving no trail. The Mohicans listened gravely and at length agreed with the hunter. They decided to go by water.

It was growing late. Hawkeye composedly stretched himself by the dying fire and fell asleep.

Left to themselves (for Munro and Heyward were asleep also) the Mohicans, whose time had been so much devoted to the interests of others, seized the moment to devote some attention to each other.

Chingachgook cast off at once the grave demeanor of an Indian chief and commenced speaking to his son in the soft and playful tones of affection. It is impossible to describe the music of their language, as they laughed and talked with loving voices. The father's eyes followed Uncas' movements with open delight, and he never failed to smile in reply to the other's low laughter. Uncas was only a boy, although so well versed in the ways of the woods. No one would have recognized the fierce warrior and his son as they laughed and jested together. After an hour had passed, Chingachgook wrapped his head in his blanket and stretched himself on the bare earth. Uncas carefully raked the coals in such a manner that they should warm his father's feet during the night, and then found a place for himself to rest in until morning.





(Facing page 75)  
“The two Indians awaited them with a little bark canoe.”

## CHAPTER VII

### THE SEARCH

The heavens were still studded with stars when Hawk-eye came to arouse the sleepers. Munro and Heyward were soon on their feet and ready to follow the hunter to the shores of the lake where the two Indians awaited them with a little bark canoe. In a few moments they had cautiously paddled the boat some distance from the fort and within the broad and dark shadow that fell from the eastern mountain on the glassy surface of the lake.

Just as day dawned they entered the narrows of the lake and stole swiftly and cautiously among their numberless little islands. It was by this road that Montcalm had retired with his army, and the travelers were fearful, lest he had left some of his Indians to protect the rear of his forces and collect the stragglers. They approached the passage silently.

Chingachgook laid aside his paddle while Uncas and the hunter urged the light vessel through the crooked channels. The eyes of Chingachgook moved

warily from islet to islet, and from copse to copse. The paddles ceased moving in obedience to a signal from Chingachgook.

"Hugh!" exclaimed Uncas.

"What now?" asked the hunter. "The lake is as smooth as if the winds had never blown."

The Indian gravely raised his paddle and pointed. Heyward's eyes followed the motion. A few rods in their front lay another of the low wooded islets, but it looked as calm and peaceful as if its solitude had never been disturbed.

"I see nothing but land and water," said Heyward.

"What is the edging of black smoke that hangs along the lower edge of that mist?" asked Hawkeye. "You may trace it down into the thicket of hazel. 'Tis from a fire. We must make a push, and, if the Indians or French are in the narrows, run a gauntlet through these mountains."

The Indian answered by dropping his paddle into the water and urging forward the canoe. In a few moments they had reached a point where they might command an entire view of the northern shore of the island, the side that had hitherto been concealed.

"There they are, by all the truth of signs," whispered the hunter; "two canoes and a smoke!"

The well-known crack of a rifle whose ball came skipping along the placid surface of the strait, and a shrill yell from the island, interrupted his speech and announced that their passage was discovered. In another instant several savages were seen rushing into their canoes which were soon dancing over the water in pursuit.

"Hold them there, Serpent," said Hawkeye, looking coolly backward over his left shoulder while he still plied his paddle. "Keep them just there! The Iroquois have never a piece in their nation that will shoot at this distance, but Killdeer has a barrel on which a man may calculate."

Uncas uttered an exclamation and pointed toward the rocky shore a little in their front. Another war canoe was darting directly across their course. Chingachgook inclined the bows of the canoe a little toward the western shore, in order to increase the distance between them and this new enemy. It now became a trial of speed. So rapid was their progress that the lake curled in their front in miniature waves.

"Edge her a little more from the sun, Serpent, and we will put the island between us," said Hawkeye.

A long, low island lay at a little distance before them. The chasing canoe was compelled to take a side opposite

to that on which the pursued passed. All redoubled their efforts, and the two canoes came around the last low point like two coursers, at the top of their speed, the fugitives taking the lead.

"They are preparing for a shot," said Heyward.

Cries of "Great Serpent!" "Long Rifle!" and "Nimble Deer!" burst from the canoes behind. Chingachgook gave the war whoop of the Mohicans and the hunter shook Killdeer in triumph at his enemies. Bullets whistled past them, and the savages answered the insult with a yell.

The Iroquois, in the bows of the pursuing canoe, had risen to aim, but Hawkeye seized Killdeer and fired. The savage staggered backward and his gun fell into the water. His companion ceased paddling and the chasing canoes clustered together and became stationary.

Hawkeye laid aside his rifle and took Duncan's place at the paddle, and soon the canoes of their enemies were out of sight.

The lake now began to expand, and their route lay along a wide reach that was lined by high and ragged mountains. The strokes of the paddles grew more measured and regular. The Mohicans inclined their



course toward those hills behind which Montcalm had led his army into Fort Ticonderoga.

For hours they paddled at the same high rate of speed, until they reached a bay near the northern termination of the lake. Here the canoe was driven upon the beach and the whole party landed.

"We must throw these varlets off the trail or give up our pursuit of Sly Fox," said Hawkeye.

After a consultation with the Mohicans, the canoe was lifted from the water and borne on the shoulders of the party. They proceeded into the wood, making as broad a trail as possible. They soon reached a water course which they crossed, and continued onward until they came to a large rock. At this point they retraced their route to the brook, walking backwards with the utmost care.

They now followed the bed of the little stream to the lake, into which they immediately launched their canoe again. The margin of the lake was fringed for some distance with dense and overhanging bushes. Under these they paddled until Hawkeye said that he believed it would be safe to land once more.

Accordingly they rested until evening came, then favored by the darkness, pushed silently and vigorously

toward the western shore. They entered a little bay. The boat was again lifted and borne into the woods where it was carefully concealed under a pile of brush. They then took their arms and the packs which contained food and ammunition, and commenced their journey by land. For many hours the party traveled through the country which separates the tributaries of the Champlain from those of the Hudson. At last a halt was called, and they made their usual preparations to pass the night.

The sun was shedding a strong and clear light in the forest when the travelers resumed their journey the next day. Hawkeye led the advance more deliberately now. He often stopped to examine the trees, nor did he cross a brook without considering carefully the quantity, the velocity, and the color of its waters. He often appealed to Chingachgook. Uncas stood a patient and silent listener.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THEY FIND A TRAIL

At last Hawkeye spoke in English: "When I found that the home path of the Iroquois ran north, it did not need the judgment of many long years to tell that they would follow the valleys, but not a sign of a trail have we crossed."

"Has Uncas no council to offer?" asked Heyward.

The young Mohican cast a glance at his father but was silent, until Chingachgook, motioning with his hand, bade him speak.

Uncas' face changed from one of grave composure to one of joy. Bounding forward like a deer, he sprang up the side of a little hill few a rods in advance and stood exulting over a spot of fresh earth that looked as though it had been upturned by the passage of some heavy animal.

"'Tis the trail!" exclaimed the hunter advancing to the spot. "The lad is quick of sight and keen of wit for one of his years!"

"See!" said Uncas, pointing north and south at the

marks of the broad trail on either side; "the dark hair has gone toward the frost."

The spirits of the party were raised by this discovery, and their advance was rapid. Sly Fox had found it necessary to journey through the valleys and this made them feel certain of the general direction of the route.

By the middle of the afternoon they had passed the Scaroon, and were following the path of the declining sun. After descending a hill to a low bottom, through which a swift stream glided, they came to a place where the party of Sly Fox had made a halt. The remains of the fire and the footsteps of both men and beasts were plainly visible, but the trail seemed to have suddenly ended.

Uncas, who had tried to trace the route to the horses, suddenly appeared through the bushes, leading two animals with their saddles broken. They looked as though they had been permitted to run at will for several days.

"This means that we have come into the land of the enemy," said the hunter; "we are getting within scent of their camp. The horses are here, but the Iroquois have gone. Let us hunt for their path."

The impressions of footprints were numerous, but they all appeared like those of men who had wan-

dered around the spot without any intention of leaving it. The party left no leaf unturned; the sticks were removed, and the stones lifted. Still no discovery was made.

At last Uncas raked the earth across a little rill which ran from the spring and diverted its course into another channel. As soon as its narrow bed below the dam was dry, he stooped over it with keen and curious eyes. Suddenly he gave a cry of exultation. The whole party crowded to the spot where Uncas pointed out the impression of a moccasin in the wet soil.

"That is not the footstep of an Indian," said Hawk-eye. "Run back, Uncas, and bring me the size of Gamut's foot. You will find a beautiful print of it just opposite that rock on the hillside."

The measurements agreed, and they decided that it must be David's footprint. He had been forced to exchange his shoes for moccasins.

"I can now read the whole of it!" cried the hunter. "David was made to go first, and the others have trod in his steps."

"But I see no signs of the girls," said Duncan.

"They have been carried, until all followers were thrown off the scent," answered the hunter. "We will see their little feet again before many rods go by."

They followed the course of the rill. Half a mile farther on, Uncas found the impression of a foot on a bunch of moss. They entered the neighboring thicket and struck the trail as fresh and obvious as it had been before they reached the spring.

They were cheered by these discoveries, and, after making a short halt to take a hurried meal, they pushed forward. Before an hour had passed Hawkeye's speed abated and he began to turn suspiciously from side to side as if he were conscious of approaching danger.

"I scent the Iroquois," he said to the Mohicans. "We are getting near their encampment. Chingachgook you take the hillside to the right; Uncas will bend along the brook to the left, while I will try the trail. If anything should happen, the signal will be three croaks of a crow."

The Indians departed their several ways. Hawkeye told Heyward to steal to the edge of the wood, which as usual was fringed with a thicket, and wait his coming. Duncan obeyed.

The trees of many acres had been felled and the glow of a summer's evening had fallen on the clearing in beautiful contrast to the gray light of the forest. A short distance from where Duncan stood the stream seemed to have expanded into a little lake covering

most of the low land from mountain to mountain. The water fell out of this wide basin in a cataract so regular and gentle that it appeared to be the work of human hands.

To Heyward's dismay about a hundred earthen dwellings stood on the margin of the lake and even in its water. The roofs were rounded, molded for defence against the weather. Duncan thought that the whole village had more neatness and cleanliness than belonged to Indian habits. It appeared, however, to be deserted; at least he thought so for nearly a minute, but at length he saw several human forms coming toward him on all fours. Just then a few dark looking heads appeared and the place seemed suddenly alive with beings that glided swiftly from cover to cover.

He was about to give the signal to the others by imitating the call of the crow, when the rustling of leaves at hand drew his eyes in another direction. He started when he found himself within a hundred yards of a strange Indian. But it was now becoming dusk and Duncan saw that he was unobserved. The savage's head was shaved, as usual, with the exception of the crown, from whose tuft three or four faded feathers from a hawk's wing were loosely dangling. A ragged calico mantle half encircled his body. He

was sadly cut and torn by briars, but his feet were covered with a pair of good deerskin moccasins. Altogether, his appearance was forlorn and miserable.

Hawkeye stole silently and cautiously to Duncan's side.

"Here is their settlement and here is one of the savages," whispered the young officer.

Hawkeye dropped his rifle and stared as the stranger came to his view.

"Can you see where he has put his rifle or his bow?" he asked in a low tone.

"He appears to have no arms," answered Heyward. "Unless he gives the alarm to his friends who, as you see, are dodging about in the water, we have but little to fear from him."

The hunter turned to Heyward and looked at him in amazement. Then, opening wide his mouth, he laughed long and silently in his own peculiar heart-felt manner. Repeating the words, "Friends who are dodging about in the water!" he added, "You keep him under your rifle while I creep in behind through the brush and take him alive. Fire on no account."

"If I see you in danger may I not risk a shot?"

Hawkeye still laughing silently said, "Fire a whole platoon, Major!"



The next moment he was concealed by leaves. When he was within a few yards of his intended captive, he rose to his feet silently and slowly. At that instant several loud blows were struck on the water and Heyward turned his eyes just in time to see a hundred dark forms plunge, in a body, into the troubled little sheet. Grasping his rifle, he again looked at the Indian near him. Hawkeye's uplifted hand was above the savage. But suddenly the hand was withdrawn and Hawkeye again laughed long and silently. He stepped forward and touched the Indian on the shoulder.

"How now, friend," said he; "have you a mind to teach the beavers to sing?"

"Even so," was the ready answer.

## CHAPTER IX

### IN THE CAMP OF THE IROQUOIS

You may imagine the surprise of Heyward. His lurking Indians were changed into four-footed beasts, his lake into a beaver pond, his cataract into a beaver dam and his enemy into David Gamut, the harmless singer. He sprang forward to join the two. After Hawkeye had recovered from his amusement he gave the signal of the crow. The two Mohicans and Munro joined them.

"Now," said Hawkeye, "we see that you are safe. Tell us what has become of the maidens."

"They are captives," answered David, "and though unhappy in spirit are enjoying bodily safety."

"Where is Sly Fox?" interrupted the hunter.

"He hunts the moose to-day with his young men. The elder maiden has been taken to a neighboring people, while the younger is detained among the women of the Iroquois."

"And why are you permitted to go at large?"

David answered that his gift of music was such that

it had powerful effect over the savages, but the hunter tapped his own forehead and said,—

“The Indians never harm such as you. Why didn’t you come back to Fort Edward and bring the news of the capture?”

“I could not desert the two entrusted to my care,” answered David stoutly.

He then told the story of their journey which the rescuing party had guessed at; how the horses were turned loose at the spring; how a litter was made of boughs and branches to carry the girls, and how Cora had been sent to a tribe in a near by valley. He was too ignorant of the customs and history of the Indians to tell the name of this tribe.

Hawkeye and the Indians asked him many questions about the fashion of their knives and their totems. Of this latter only could David speak. He was unobservant and dull, but he had noticed that the image of the tortoise was used often as a device.

“Hugh!” exclaimed the Mohicans.

Chingachgook then spoke in the language of the Delawares with a calmness and dignity that demanded the attention of all. Once he lifted his arm and the action threw aside the folds of his blanket. Duncan’s eyes followed the movement and he saw that the device

of the tortoise was beautifully, though faintly, worked in blue on the chief's swarthy breast.

"The Great Serpent is of the high blood of the Delawares and is the Great Chief of their Tortoise. Some of this stock is among the people who are holding the older maiden," said the hunter. "It is a dangerous path we move in, for a friend whose face is turned from you often bears a bloodier mind than the enemy who seeks your scalp. Some of these Delawares are traveling the same path with the Iroquois.

"It would be well," continued he, "for this singer to go in camp again and for him to wait and give the girls notice of our approach. He knows the call of the whip-poor-will. That will be our signal. Remember then," turning to David, "when you hear the whip-poor-will call three times you are to come into the bushes where we will consult."

"Stop!" cried Heyward, "I will go with you!"

At first they looked at him in amazement, but finally they saw that his mind was set upon the adventure. Chingachgook undertook, with the aid of paints and different colors that he obtained from the soil, to disguise the young man as a French juggler from Ticonderoga, straggling among the friendly and allied tribes.

The Great Serpent was well practiced in all the arts of his race, and he drew on the young officer's face all the fantastic lines and shadows that mean jollity and buffoonery to the Indians. Every line that could possibly be interpreted into a liking for war was carefully avoided. When he was thought to be sufficiently painted, the hunter gave him much friendly advice.

"You will have occasion for your best manhood, and for a sharper wit than is to be gathered in books. Now good-by and God bless you! If the Iroquois get the better of you, they shall pay for their victory."

Duncan shook his friend heartily by the hand and begged him to continue his good care of General Munro. He and David then took their course directly across the clearing of the beavers and along the margin of the pond. Then they turned from the water course and began to ascend a little hill. Presently they came upon another clearing on the opposite side of which, where a brook tumbled over some rocks, were some fifty or sixty Indian lodges, rudely made of logs, brush and earth. Toward these the two made their way.

Soon they found themselves in the midst of twenty or thirty Indian children playing games which consisted mostly of whooping and howling. As soon as

they caught sight of the two men, they raised a shrill cry which drew a dozen warriors to the door of the nearest lodge. David led the way into this very building. Duncan found it hard to assume an air of unconcern as he followed, and his heart beat fiercely, but he knew that everything depended on his presence of mind. With a firm step he imitated David. He drew a bundle of brush from beneath a pile that filled a corner of the hut, and seated himself in silence.

The warriors surrounded him, leaning against the upright posts that supported the building, and patiently waited until the stranger should speak. Three or four of the oldest sat on the ground. A torch was burning in the place and sent its red glare from face to face and from figure to figure. At length one whose hair was sprinkled with gray spoke in the Iroquois language which Heyward did not understand.

“Do none of my brothers speak the French or English language?” asked the white man. “The Great Father (Heyward meant the king of France) has bidden me, a man that knows the arts of healing, to go to his children, the Iroquois of the Great Lakes, and ask if any are sick.”

A silence followed. The oldest Iroquois spoke in French:—

"Do the cunning men of the Canadas paint their skins; we have heard them boast that their faces were pale."

"When an Indian chief comes among his white fathers," returned Heyward, "he lays aside his buffalo robe to wear the shirt that is offered him. My brothers have given me paint, and I wear it."

A low murmur of applause followed this compliment, and Duncan began to breathe more freely. Another warrior arose, and while his lips were yet in the act of parting to speak, a fearful havoc arose outside from the forest and was immediately succeeded by a higher and shriller yell. The warriors glided in a body from the lodge and the outer air was filled with shouts that rang beneath the arches of the woods. Heyward followed the throng.

A war party had returned successful, and their cries were intended to represent the wails of the dead and the triumph of the victors. They had brought in a young warrior of another tribe, and he was to run the gauntlet for his life.

Large masses of brushwood lay scattered about the place and an aged squaw was occupied in firing as much as might serve to light the coming exhibition. The flames soon arose, and the whole scene formed a

striking picture whose frame was composed of the tall and dark border of pines.

The prisoner stood erect and firm, prepared to meet his fate like a hero. The warriors drew their knives and arranged their party in two lines, forming a lane that extended from the captive to the lodges.

The signal yell was given and the stranger bounded from the place with the swiftness of a deer. Instead of rushing through the hostile lines as had been expected he turned short and, leaping over the heads of a row of children, he gained the outer and safer edge of the array.

With yells, the whole body of his captors threw themselves before him and drove him back. Heyward congratulated himself that they had no time to waste on him. A French juggler or medicine man was insignificant compared to a captured Indian warrior.

Turning again, the captive shot with the swiftness of an arrow through one of the dozen or more fires that lighted the scene and appeared on the opposite side of the clearing. Here, too, he was met by a few of the older Iroquois and turned back. Human power could not endure so severe a trial much longer. Profiting by an opening, he made what seemed to Duncan a final effort to gain the wood. The fugitive nearly



touched him in his flight. A tall and powerful Iroquois pressed close upon his heels with uplifted knife. Duncan thrust forth a foot and the eager savage fell headlong. When Duncan turned to look for the captive he saw him quietly leaning against a small painted post before the door of the principal lodge. He could not be harmed now for he was protected by the friendly post. It was an ancient custom that when the captive had gained this spot nothing more could be done until a council had been held. There he was safe, breathing hard after his exertions.

Now his face was turned toward the light, and Heyward to his breathless amazement saw that the young captive warrior was no other than Uncas! An Iroquois forced his way through the crowd of women and children who were surveying the captive, and led Uncas toward the door of the council lodge.

In the darkness a hand was laid on Heyward's shoulder, and the low voice of Uncas muttered;

"The Iroquois are dogs! The Gray Head and Chingachgook are safe and the rifle of Hawkeye is not asleep. Go! Uncas and you are now strangers. It is enough," and a gentle push told him to obey.

Duncan walked quickly away and began his search for David whom he had lost sight of. He wandered

from hut to hut but was unable to find him. At last, anxious about Uncas, he retraced his steps to the council lodge, and, without seeming to hesitate, he entered and gravely took a seat. He had not been there long when one of the older warriors spoke to him in French.

"An evil spirit lives in the wife of one of my young men. Can the cunning stranger frighten him away?"

"He will try," was the answer.

Heyward waited impatiently until the Iroquois was ready to move. At last the Indian laid aside his pipe and drew his robe across his breast as if to lead the way to the lodge of the invalid. Just then a tall, powerfully built warrior entered and seated himself on the same pile of brush with Heyward. Duncan felt terror-stricken when he saw the dreaded features of Sly Fox.

Without expressing any curiosity in regard to the captive, Sly Fox lighted his pipe and smoked long and thoughtfully. After ten minutes or more had passed, he arose, shook the ashes from his pipe and looked fiercely into the face of Uncas.

"The Nimble Deer!" he exclaimed, with an expression of ferocious joy.

Every warrior sprang to his feet at the sound of this well-known name. The words were taken up in an

echo by the women and children who lingered around the door of the lodge. A shrill howl followed. Uncas enjoyed his victory, but merely smiled scornfully.

"Go!" said Sly Fox after a pause. "Take him where there is silence. Let us see if a Delaware can sleep at night and in the morning die!"

The young men whose duty it was to guard the prisoner instantly passed their ropes of bark across his arms and led him from the lodge amid a profound silence. Sly Fox also left, and Heyward, with a feeling of great relief, followed the chief who had asked his aid into the pure air of a cool and refreshing summer evening.

Instead of pursuing his way among those lodges where Heyward had already made his unsuccessful search, his companion turned aside and proceeded directly toward the base of a near by mountain. A thicket of brush skirted its foot, and they were compelled to follow a crooked and narrow path. The blaze of one of the fires lighted the way. At a little distance from a bald rock, and directly in its front, they entered a grassy opening. Just then, fresh fuel having been added to the fire, a powerful light penetrated even to this distant spot.

## CHAPTER X

### THE ADVENTURE WITH THE BEAR

The light fell on the surface of the mountain and was reflected downward upon a dark and mysterious-looking being that rose unexpectedly in their path. The animal, like a large black ball, began to move, and Duncan knew, by its restless, sidling movements, that it was a bear. It growled loudly and fiercely and its glistening eyeballs could be plainly seen. The Indian, however, went quietly on.

Heyward knew that this animal was often domesticated among the Indians, and he thought that this was a pet of the tribe. They passed it unmolested, but Heyward was unable to keep from looking behind him occasionally. He felt very uneasy when he saw the beast rolling along their path and following their footsteps. • He would have spoken, but the Indian at that moment shoved aside a door of bark, and entered a cavern in the bosom of the mountain. Duncan stepped after him, and was gladly closing the cover to the opening when he felt it drawn from his hand

by the beast whose shaggy form immediately darkened the passage.

They were now in a straight and long gallery where retreat, without encountering the animal, was impossible. Making the best of it, Heyward pressed forward. The bear growled at his back, and once or twice laid his enormous paws on the young man who was becoming decidedly nervous. But soon a glimmer of light appeared, and they found themselves in a large cavity of the rock which had been rudely fitted up to answer the purposes of more than one room. An opening above admitted the light by day, and at night fires and torches took the place of the sun.

Here on a rude couch the sick woman lay. Heyward saw at once that he could not cure her, for she was unconscious, but he tried to collect his thoughts in order to act his part with success. To his surprise, among the group of women surrounding the sick bed, he saw his old friend, David Gamut.

After the visitors had entered, David commenced a song which he thought might have some effect on the sick woman. As he was finishing, both white men were startled to hear the last words repeated in a voice half human. In the shadow of the cavern was the shaggy bear, his restless body swinging in

the uneasy manner of that animal. David suddenly exclaimed aloud, "She expects you and is at hand," and hurriedly left the cavern.

A speedy end was put to Duncan's astonishment (he thought that David was surely out of his mind), when the chief advanced to the invalid and motioned to the women to depart.

He said, "Now let my brother show his power!"

Heyward was afraid that his ignorance might arouse suspicion. He began to recite, as nearly as he could remember, the strange rites of Indian conjurers that he had seen. Every time that he began, however, he was interrupted by a fierce growl from the bear. Three times did he try, but the fierceness of the growl increased and prevented his proceeding.

"The Cunning Ones are jealous," said the Iroquois. "I go. Brother, the woman is the wife of one of my bravest young men; deal justly by her. Peace!" he said to the animal who had begun to growl again. "I go!"

The chief was as good as his word, and Duncan found himself with a helpless invalid and the fierce and dangerous brute. He looked anxiously around for a weapon as the beast came nearer and nearer, but, instead of continuing its discontented growl, the whole of its shaggy body shook violently. The huge

and unwieldly claws pawed stupidly about the grinning muzzle, and, while Heyward kept his eyes fixed on its movements, the head fell to one side and the honest, sturdy face of Hawkeye appeared in its stead! He was shaking with laughter.

"Hush!" he whispered, interrupting Heyward's exclamation of surprise. "The Iroquois are all about us. After we parted, I placed General Munro and Chingachgook in the old beaver lodge where they are safe. Uncas and I pushed for the encampment. Have you seen the lad?"

"He is captive," answered Heyward in the same tone, "and condemned to die at sunrise."

"I thought so, but it will never do to abandon such a boy to the Iroquois. Well, fortune led me to the very spot where a conjurer was dressing himself in this bear skin. I bound him and left him with a bit of walnut in his mouth to prevent an uproar, and made free with his finery; then I took the part of the bear on myself. But all our work is before us. Where is the maiden?"

"Heaven knows! I have examined every house in the village."

"You heard what the singer said as he left us? He was frightened and blundered through his message.

Here are walls enough to separate the whole settlement. A bear ought to climb, therefore I will take a look above them. There may be honey pots hid in these rocks, and I am a beast, you know, that has a hankering for sweets."

Hawkeye climbed up the partition, but as soon as the top was reached he slid down quickly.

"She is here," he whispered, "and by that door you will find her. But she will not know you in that disguise. See," he added pointing to a place where the water trickled from a rock, "wash the paint off and when you come back I will try my hand at a new embellishment."

This Duncan did, and quickly disappeared through the passage. The hunter coolly set about an examination of the provisions in the larder of the cavern.

You may imagine the joy of Alice as Duncan stood before her. He hurriedly told her the story of his adventures, and was making preparations to carry her away when he was interrupted by a light tap on his shoulder. Starting, he turned and confronted the dark form of Sly Fox. The savage gave a deep guttural laugh. Heyward knew that he was helpless, for he had no weapons of any description. He threw his arms around Alice.



"Do your worst, Iroquois!" he exclaimed.

Sly Fox paid no attention until he had cut off every hope of escape by placing a log of wood against the secret door by which he had entered.

"The palefaces trap the cunning beaver, but the redskins know how to take the English. Sly Fox is a great chief; he will go and bring his young men to see how bravely a paleface can laugh at torture."

He turned away and was about to leave the place the way that Duncan had entered, when a low growl caught his ear. The figure of the bear appeared in the doorway. Sly Fox thought that it was a conjurer and he prepared to pass it in contempt. But the mimic animal growled louder.

"Go and play with the women and children," said Sly Fox, "and leave men to their wisdom."

He once more tried to pass. Suddenly the beast extended its arms or rather legs and enclosed the Indian in a grasp with all the fervor of a genuine bear's hug. Heyward had watched breathlessly. He caught up a thong of buckskin which had been used around some bundle and rushed upon the savage. In less time than it takes to tell, his arms, legs, and feet were encircled in twenty folds of the thong, and the savage was laid on his back, utterly helpless.

Sly Fox did not utter a single exclamation during this sudden attack, but when Hawkeye removed the shaggy skin of the bear and showed his laughing face, the Iroquois said, "Hugh!"

"Ay," responded the hunter, "you've found your tongue; now I must make free to stop your mouth," and he calmly proceeded to tie something over it to prevent his giving the alarm.

Wrapping Alice in an Indian blanket, Duncan took her in his arms and followed Hawkeye through the cavern where the sick woman lay, on to the place of entrance. As they approached the little door of bark they heard the voices of the friends and relatives of the sick woman outside.

"You must tell them," whispered the hunter, "that we have shut the evil spirit in the cavern, and are taking the woman to the woods in order to find strengthening roots."

Growling fiercely, the bear walked out followed closely by Heyward. The crowd fell back a little.

"Has my brother driven away the evil spirit," demanded the chief who seemed to be the father.

"What has he in his arms?"

"Thy child," returned Heyward gravely. "The disease has gone out of her. It is shut up in the rocks.

I will take her to a distance where I will strengthen her."

The chief waved his hand.

"Good!" he said. "Go, I am a man and I will enter the rock and fight the Wicked One."

Heyward was startled.

"Is my brother mad?" he exclaimed. "Is he cruel? He will meet the disease and it will enter into him, or he will drive out the disease and it will chase his daughter into the woods. No—let my children wait without, and, if the Spirit appears, let them beat him down with a club."

This warning had the desired effect. Instead of entering the cavern, the husband and father drew their tomahawks, while the women and children broke branches from the bushes and waited patiently until the Spirit should appear. In the meantime the bear and his companion disappeared. They were some distance from the village when they made a halt.

"Now," said Hawkeye, "you must follow this path which will lead you to the brook; to escape now is impossible, so you must seek the protection of the other tribe of Indians. If they are true Delawares, you will be safe. Mount the hill on your right and you will see their fires."

“And you?” asked Heyward.

“The Iroquois hold the pride of the Delawares, the last of the high blood of the Mohicans is in their power. I go to rescue him. You have risked life and all that is dear to you to bring off this maiden. As for the lad—winters and summers, nights and days, have we roamed the wilderness together, eating from the same dish and sharing the same bed of leaves as couch. There is but a single Ruler of us all, whatever may be the color of his skin, and Him I call to witness that before the Mohican boy shall perish for the want of a friend, good faith shall depart from the earth and Killdeer become as harmless as the song of our friend David.”

There was nothing more to be said, and they bade each other farewell. Heyward and Alice took their way toward the distant villages of the Delawares, while Hawkeye retraced his steps toward the lodges.

## CHAPTER XI

### UNCAS ESCAPES

Hawkeye fully realized all the difficulties and dangers of his undertaking. As he approached the buildings his steps became slower.

A neglected hut was a little in advance of the others, but a faint light glimmered through its cracks and Hawkeye knew that it was inhabited. He crawled to a little opening where he might see inside. It proved to be David's hut. The hunter threw off his disguise and entered.

After talking with David, he found that the singer knew where Uncas was confined and that he had some degree of access to the captive. David offered to lead Hawkeye to the prison. The hunter once more fastened on his bear's skin and followed David. The women and children and all the warriors, with the exception of four or five who guarded the hut of Uncas, were sound asleep.

\* The hunter had instructed David what to say to

this guard. When they reached the hut, David entered and spoke to the chiefs.

"The Delawares are women! Do my brothers wish to hear the Nimble Deer to-morrow ask for his petticoats, and see him weep before the Iroquois at the stake? If they do, let them step aside and this cunning man will blow upon him."

Of course the chiefs thought that the bear was a conjurer dressed up in the skin of the animal, just as Sly Fox had done. Nothing pleased them better than to have their hated enemy, and especially such a renowned warrior as Uncas, whom they had so much feared, show signs of weakness at the stake, under torture. The Indian always prided himself on his self-command under any circumstances. Therefore they were very much pleased to think that the conjurer could blow upon Uncas and make him act like a woman to-morrow.-

They allowed the bear to enter the hut, but they did not leave. This was not to the liking of the animal, who continued to growl until the chiefs saw that nothing would be done as long as they stayed. They accordingly went out of earshot, but from their place could command a view of the entrance to the lodge.

The bear slowly entered. It was silent and gloomy

within. Uncas occupied a distant corner, bound by strong and painful withes. He did not even deign to look at the bear. He closed his eyes. When a low, hissing sound was heard instead of the growl that he expected, his attention was aroused.

"Hawkeye!" he whispered.

"Cut his bands! Quick!" said Hawkeye to David, who obeyed immediately.

The hunter took off his shaggy skin and put a long glittering knife in Uncas' hands. Then the skin was quickly fastened on the young warrior. David had agreed to take the place of the Indian, for Hawkeye knew that the Iroquois would not harm the simple-minded singer, and he could escape very easily later.

Now Hawkeye exchanged clothes with David. When the hunter's restless eyes were hidden behind the latter's glasses and his head surmounted by David's triangular beaver, he might readily have passed in the twilight for the singer. David was bound and put in the same corner in which Uncas had been lying. Now the hunter in David's clothes, and Uncas in the skin of the bear were ready to go. They walked calmly out. Hawkeye drew himself up and tried to imitate the singer's manner of walking. He could not sing, and did not dare to try much in that line.

An Iroquois thrust out an arm and peered through the dim light.

"The Delaware dog!" he exclaimed. "Is he afraid? Will the Iroquois hear his groans?"

A growl so fierce and natural came from the beast at his side that the Indian released his hold and moved away. Hawkeye, afraid that his voice would betray him, broke out in a burst of music. It was fortunate that the Iroquois were not well skilled in sweet sounds or it might have gone badly with the hunter and Uncas. But they drew back and allowed them to pass.

The adventurers were clear of the village and were swiftly approaching the shelter of the forest when a long and low cry rose from the lodge where Uncas had been confined.

The Mohican shook off his shaggy covering and stood ready for instant flight. A burst of cries filled the air. The hunter tore two rifles from beneath a bush. Handing one to Uncas, they both dashed forward and were soon lost in the sombreness of the forest.

The impatience of the savages who lingered about the prison of Uncas had overcome their dread of the conjurer's breath. They stole cautiously and with beating hearts to a crevice through which the faint



### III

light of the fire was glimmering. For several minutes they mistook the figure of David for that of their prisoner. But when David turned his head and showed his simple and mild face in place of the haughty features of Uncas, they rushed together into the lodge and David was compelled to believe that his own final hour had come. He began to sing the first verse of a funeral hymn and the Indians were reminded of his infirmity. Rushing into the open air they aroused the village.

The sounds of the alarm were hardly uttered before two hundred men were afoot and ready for the chase. The whole tribe crowded around the council lodge, impatiently awaiting the instruction of their chiefs. In the meantime some of the swiftest of the young men were ordered to make a circuit of the clearing under cover of the woods. When the chiefs appeared, the father of the sick woman told his story and ten of the wisest and firmest of them were selected to go to the cavern and make an investigation.

The outer apartment was silent and gloomy. The woman lay in her usual place, though there were those present who had seen her carried into the woods. While they were trying to solve this puzzle a dark-looking object was seen rolling out of the next room

into their very midst. Many were their exclamations when they saw that the figure displayed the sullen and angry features of Sly Fox.

After his bonds had been cut and he was composed enough to speak, the oldest of the party said to him:

"My friend has found an enemy. Is he nigh that the Iroquois may take revenge?"

"Let the Delaware die!" exclaimed Sly Fox in a voice of thunder.

A silence followed.

"The Mohican is swift of foot and leaps far," said the old chief, "but my young men are on his trail."

"Is he gone?" demanded Sly Fox.

"An evil spirit has been among us and the Delaware has blinded our eyes."

"An evil spirit!" repeated the other mockingly. "'Tis the spirit that has taken the lives of so many of the Iroquois and who has now bound the arms of Sly Fox!"

"Of whom does my friend speak?"

"Of the dog who carries the heart and cunning of an Iroquois under a pale skin—Long Rifle!"

They all showed their astonishment and rage at this terrible name by many exclamations and threats.

"Let us go to our people," said Sly Fox. "They wait for us."

His companions consented and the whole party returned to the council lodge. Now runners brought the news that the fugitives had sought the protection of the near by tribe of the Delawares. This tribe was not unfriendly to the Iroquois. After a long consultation it was decided that Sly Fox was to go to these Delawares with twenty warriors behind him, and with gifts of trinkets and arms which they had collected from the spoils of William Henry, and by flattering speeches and cunning try to get their captives back again. They knew that this tribe of the Delawares did not like Hawkeye.

Before the day dawned the party of warriors, with Sly Fox at the head, were making their way in Indian file along the little artificial lake of the beavers. One of the warriors carried the beaver as his particular symbol or totem. As they passed some of the animals, this man stopped to speak with them. He called them cousins and spoke in a friendly fashion. As he ended his address, the head of a large beaver was thrust from the door of a lodge and quickly drawn back again. The chief spoke to this one also, and then the party moved on.

Had any of the Iroquois turned, they would have seen the beaver still watching them, showing more wisdom in its action than a beaver is supposed to have. This was explained, however, when the party entered the forest and the beaver calmly took off his mask of fur and disclosed the grave features of Chingachgook.

## CHAPTER XII

### IN THE CAMP OF THE DELAWARES

On that morning when Sly Fox led his silent party from the settlement of the beavers in the forest, the sun rose upon a busy people in the Delaware encampment. The women ran from lodge to lodge, preparing their morning's meal. The warriors were lounging in groups; here and there one was examining his arms.

Suddenly, at the furtherest extremity of a platform of rock which formed the level of the village, an Indian appeared. He was without weapons of any description. When in full view of the Delawares he stopped and threw his arm upward and then let it fall upon his breast. The inhabitants of the village answered his salute by a low murmur of welcome, and encouraged him to advance. The dark figure left the brow of the terrace and moved with dignity into the very center of the huts. As he approached, nothing was heard but the rattling of the light silver ornaments that loaded his arms and neck, and the tinkling of the little bells that fringed his deerskin moccasins.

The warriors in front stepped aside, opening the way to their oldest and wisest orator.

"The wise Iroquois is welcome," said this warrior. "Has he come to eat his succatash with his brothers of the lakes?"

"He has come," answered Sly Fox, for it was no other than he.

Then the Delaware invited the guest to enter the lodge and share the morning meal. The invitation was accepted and the two warriors attended by three or four of the old men walked calmly into the wigwam.

After they had eaten, the squaws removed the trencher and gourds and Sly Fox began to think it time to talk about the captives.

"I have brought gifts to my brother. His nation would not go on the war path because they did not think it well; but their friends have remembered where they lived."

The Delawares were much pleased and said, as Sly Fox handed them the little trinkets,—

"Our brother is a wise chief. He is welcome."

"The Iroquois love their brothers, the Delawares," returned Sly Fox. "Why should they not? They are colored by the same sun, and their just men will hunt in the same grounds after death. The redskins

should be friends and look with open eyes on the white men. Has not my brother scented spies in the woods?"

The Delaware, whose name in English meant "Hard-heart," answered:

"There have been strange moccasins about my camp. They have been tracked into my lodges."

"Did my brother beat out the dogs?"

"It would not do. The stranger is always welcome."

"The stranger," responded Sly Fox, "but not the spy! The paleface who has slain many of their friends goes in and out among the Delawares!"

"Who is the spy? Who has slain my young men?" demanded Hard-heart.

"The Long Rifle!" was the answer.

The Delawares started at the well-known name, for they had no idea that this famous hunter was in their power.

"What does my brother mean?" asked Hard-heart.

"An Iroquois never lies. Let the Delawares count their prisoners; they will find one whose skin is neither red nor pale," answered Sly Fox.

A long pause followed. The chief consulted apart with his companions. Messengers were sent after the other warriors of the tribe. A general bustle

announced that a solemn meeting of the nation was to be held, It might have been half an hour before each individual, including the women and children, was in his place.

At length one of those low murmurs that are so apt to disturb a crowd was heard, and the whole tribe arose to their feet by a common impulse. At that instant the door of a near by lodge opened and three men, coming from it slowly, approached the place of consultation. The one in the center leaned on the other two for support. His frame which had once been tall and erect like the cedar was now bent. The elastic, light step of an Indian was gone. His long white locks fell on his shoulders. He was dressed in a robe of the finest skins, and his breast was loaded with medals. He also wore armlets and cinctures of gold above the ankles. His tomahawk was nearly hidden in silver, and the handle of his knife shone like a horn of solid gold.

The name of "Tamenund" was whispered from mouth to mouth. This aged warrior was known over all the country for his wisdom and justice. He seated himself in the center of his nation with the dignity of a monarch and the air of a father.

After a suitable and decent pause, the principal



chiefs arose and approaching Tamenund they seemed to entreat a blessing. The younger men were content with touching his robe.

After a short delay, a few of the young men rose, left the crowd, and came back with the fugitives who had been confined in one of the lodges.

Cora stood foremost among the prisoners, with her arms twined about Alice. Close at their side stood Heyward, and Hawkeye had placed himself a little in the rear. Uncas was not there.

One of the chiefs who sat at the side of Tamenund arose and said,—

“Which of my prisoners is Long Rifle?”

Now Duncan had seen the crafty face of Sly Fox in the assembly, and he at once made up his mind that he would try to protect the hunter who had done so much for him and the two girls.

“Give us arms,” the young man said haughtily, “and place us in yonder woods. Our deeds shall speak for us.”

Hawkeye stepped forward.

“I am the man whom the Iroquois have presumed to style ‘Long Rifle’.”

The chief looked perplexed.

“Give the prisoners guns,” he said at last, “and let them prove which is the man!”

"Now let it be proved in the face of this tribe which is the better man," cried the hunter. "You see the gourd hanging against the tree yonder, Major; if you are a marksman, let me see you break this shell."

The gourd was one of the usual little vessels used by the Indians and it was suspended from the dead branch of a small pine by a thong of deerskin at the full distance of a hundred yards. Duncan smiled at the thought of competing with Hawkeye, but he tried his best and hit the tree a very little on one side of the gourd.

Hawkeye laughed.

"I hope," he said, "that the squaw who owns the gourd has more of them in her wigwam, for this will never hold water again!"

He fired and the young Indians bounded forward, but no traces of the bullet were to be seen.

"Go," said the old chief to the scout in a tone of disgust; "thou art a wolf in the skin of a dog."

"Fools!" said Hawkeye, "if you would find the bullet of a sharpshooter of these woods, you must look in the object, and not around it!"

The Indian youths tore the gourd from the tree and held it on high with a shout, displaying a hole in the bottom which had been cut by the bullet through the

opening in the upper side. This decided the question. Now Sly Fox was called on to speak and declare his errand. The wily Iroquois rose.

"What brings an Iroquois here?" asked Tamenund.

"Justice. His prisoners are with his brothers, and he comes for his own."

"Justice is the law of the Great Spirit. My children, give the stranger food. Then, Iroquois, take thine own and depart."

Against such a decree no Delaware dare murmur. Four or five of the younger warriors stepped behind Heyward and the scout and passed thongs around their arms. Sly Fox cast a look of triumph around the whole assembly. Cora rushed to the feet of the patriarch and raising her voice exclaimed aloud:—

"For myself I ask nothing. But yonder is one who is the daughter of a very old man. She has many to love her and is far too precious to become the victim of that villain. There is one of thine own people who has not been brought before thee; before thou lettest the Iroquois depart in triumph, hear him speak."

"It is a snake—a redskin in the pay of the English. We keep him for torture," said one of the companions of Tamenund.

"Let him come," returned the sage.

Tamenund sank in his seat, and a silence so deep followed that the leaves which fluttered in the light morning air were distinctly heard rustling in the surrounding forest. Then Uncas stood in the circle.

"With what tongue does the prisoner speak?" asked Tamenund, without unclosing his eyes.

"Like his fathers," Uncas replied, "with the tongue of a Delaware."

A fierce yell ran through the multitude.

"A Delaware!" said the sage in a low, guttural tone. "I have lived to see the hills of the Lenape driven from their council fires, and scattered like broken herds of deer among the hills of the Iroquois! I have seen the hatchets of a strange people sweep the woods from the valleys that the wind of heaven had spared! The beasts that run on the mountains, and the birds that fly above the trees, have I seen living in the wigwams of men, but never before have I found a Delaware so base as to creep, like a poisonous serpent, into the camps of his nation."

"The singing birds have opened their bills," returned Uncas, in the softest notes of his own musical voice, "and Tamenund has heard their song."

The sage started. "Does Tamenund dream!" he exclaimed. "What voice is at his ear? Have the

winters gone back? Will summer come again to the children of the Lenape?"

A solemn and respectful silence followed. Then an aged warrior spoke as if to remind the sage of Uncas' treachery.

"The false Delaware trembles lest he should hear the words of Tamenund. 'Tis a hound that howls when the English show him a trail."

"And ye," returned Uncas looking sternly around him, "are dogs that whine to the Frenchmen's spies."

Twenty knives gleamed in the air, and as many warriors sprang to their feet. Tamenund, however, spoke again.

"Delaware," he said, "little art thou worthy of thy name. My people have not seen a bright sun in many winters, and the warrior who deserts his tribe when it is hid in the clouds is doubly a traitor. The law of the Great Spirit is just. It is so; while the rivers run and the mountains stand, while the blossoms come and go on the trees, it must be so. He is thine, my children; deal justly by him."

Not a limb was moved, nor was a breath drawn louder and longer than common until this decree was given. Then the whole tribe burst into a cry of vengeance. The circle broke up and screams of

delight mingled with the bustle and tumult of preparation. In the midst of these savage yells, a chief proclaimed in a high voice that the captive was condemned to endure the dreadful trial of torture by fire. Heyward struggled madly with his captors, and Hawkeye looked around him desperately.

Uncas, alone of all the captives, remained calm. When the savages came to seize him, he met them with a firm and steady attitude. One of them tore the hunting shirt from the young Mohican's body, and started to drag him to the stake that they had prepared. At that moment the purpose of the savage was arrested. His eyeballs seemed to start from their sockets, his mouth opened, and with a steady hand he pointed to the breast of the captive. His companions crowded around him, and every eye was, like his own, fastened intently on the figure of a small tortoise beautifully tattooed on the breast of the prisoner, in a bright blue tint.

Uncas enjoyed his triumph, smiling calmly on the scene. Then, motioning the crowd away with a high and haughty sweep of his arm, he advanced to the front of the tribe, with the air of a king, and spoke in a voice louder than the murmur of admiration that ran through the multitude.

"Men of the Lenni Lenape," he said, "my race upholds the earth! My race is the grandfather of nations!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Tamenund, rising at the startling words he heard.

"Uncas, the son of Chingachgook," answered the youth, modestly turning and bending his head in reverence to the other; "a son of the Great Turtle."

"The hour of Tamenund is nigh!" exclaimed the sage. "The day is come at last! I thank the Great Spirit that one is here to fill my place at the council fire. Uncas, the child of Uncas, is found. Let the eyes of a dying eagle gaze on the rising sun."

The youth stepped lightly, but proudly, on the platform where all the wondering tribe could see him. Tamenund held him long at arm's length, and read every feature of his countenance.

"The blood of the Turtle has been in many chiefs," said the young warrior, "but all have gone back into the earth from whence they came, except Chingachgook and his son."

The sage closed his eyes, and dropped back into his seat, wearied by the unusual exertion.

"Uncas," he repeated, "the panther of his tribe,

the eldest son of the Lenape, the wisest Sagamore of the Mohicans!”

Uncas raised his head and said in a loud voice:—

“Once we slept where we could hear the salt lake speak in its anger. Then we were rulers and Sagamores over the land. But when a paleface was seen on every brook, we followed the deer back to the river of our nation. The Delawares were gone. Few warriors of them all stayed to drink of the stream they loved. Then said my fathers, ‘Here will we hunt. The waters of the river go into the salt lake. If we go toward the setting sun, we shall find streams that run into the great lakes of sweet water; there would a Mohican die, like fishes of the sea, in the clear springs. When the Great Spirit is ready and shall say, “Come,” we will follow the river to the sea and take our own again.’ Such, Delawares, is the belief of the children of the Turtle. Our eyes are on the rising, and not toward the setting sun.”

The Delawares listened to his words with respect. Then Uncas caught sight of Hawkeye, still bound with thongs. He stepped from his stand and cut the bonds of his friend and took his hand and led him to the feet of Tamemund.



"Father," he said, "look at this paleface; a just man, and the friend of the Delawares."

"What name has he gained by his deeds?"

"We call him Hawkeye, for his sight never fails."

"The paleface has slain my young men."

"I have never harmed a Delaware," answered the hunter. "I am friendly to them, and all that belongs to their nation."

An exclamation of pleasure passed among the warriors. Uncas then explained how all of them had escaped from the Iroquois, and therefore Sly Fox had no claim on them.

"And the woman that the Iroquois left in my camp?" asked Tamenund.

"She is mine!" cried Sly Fox in triumph. "Mohican, you know that she is mine!"

"It is so," answered Uncas sorrowfully.

Then said Tamenund in a firm voice:—

"Go, Iroquois, with the dark-eyed maiden."

"Hold, Iroquois!" cried Duncan, springing forward. "Her ransom shall make thee richer than any of thy people were ever yet known to be!"

"Sly Fox is a redskin; he wants not the beads of the palefaces."

"The words of the Delaware are said," said Tame-

nund in answer to the appeals of all. "Men speak not twice."

Then Hawkeye offered to take Cora's place as prisoner, but Sly Fox refused.

"Iroquois," said Uncas, "look at the sun. He is now in the upper branches of the hemlock. Your path is short and open. When he is seen above the trees, there will be men upon your trail."

"I hear a crow!" exclaimed Sly Fox, with a taunting laugh. "Go," he added, shaking his hand at the crowd which had slowly opened to allow him to pass. "Where are the petticoats of the Delawares? Dogs! Rabbits! Thieves!"

Through the forest he went, protected by the laws of Indian hospitality, taking the terrified and unhappy Cora with him.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

The Delawares now proceeded to make preparations for an expedition of war against the Iroquois to help Duncan recover Cora.

A young warrior came from the lodge of Uncas, and, moving with a sort of grave march toward a dwarf pine that grew in the crevices of a rock, he tore the bark from its body and then returned without speaking. He was soon followed by another who stripped the tree of its branches, leaving a naked and blazed trunk. A third covered the post with stripes of dark red paint. Finally, the young Mohican himself appeared, with one half of his face hidden under a cloud of threatening black paint.

Uncas moved with a slow and dignified tread toward the post, around which he immediately commenced dancing with measured step, raising his voice, at the same time, in the wild chant of his war song. This is what he sang, asking the Great Spirit, or Manitto, for aid in battle:—

“Manitto! Manitto! Manitto!  
 Thou art great, thou art good, thou art wise:  
 Manitto! Manitto!  
 Thou art just.

“In the heavens, in the clouds, oh! I see  
 Many spots—many dark, many red:  
 In the heavens, oh! I see  
 Many clouds.

“In the woods, in the air, oh! I hear  
 The whoop, the long yell, and the cry:  
 In the woods, oh! I hear  
 The loud whoop!

“Manitto! Manitto! Manitto!  
 I am weak—thou art strong; I am slow—  
 Manitto! Manitto!  
 Give me aid.”

Three times did he repeat this song, and as often did he encircle the post in his dance. Then he struck his tomahawk deep into the post, and raised his voice in a battle cry. At that signal, a hundred youths rushed in a frantic body on the remains of the tree and tore it to pieces, until nothing of it remained except the roots in the ground.

The instant Uncas had struck the blow, he left the

circle and looked at the sun which was just gaining the point when the truce with Sly Fox was to end. All prepared to go. Duncan took Alice to a place of safety, and joined the others. Hawkeye sent a boy after Killdeer and the rifle of Uncas which they had hidden on approaching the camp of the Delawares.

Uncas now collected his chiefs and divided his power. He gave Hawkeye the command of twenty active and skillful men. Duncan wished to serve as a volunteer by the side of the hunter.

They entered the forest, nor did they meet any one until they caught sight of David Gamut, wandering about in his usual aimless fashion. From him they learned that Cora was in the cave and that the Iroquois were hidden in the forest, ready to attack them.

They held a meeting called a "whispering council," in which their plans were decided on. Hawkeye was to take his men to the old beaver lodge where Chingachgook and General Munro still were. Uncas was to go in their front and drive the enemy from their village. After that they were to attack the cave and bring Cora away.

Hawkeye's route lay for the distance of a mile along the bed of the water course. Protection was given by the steep banks and thick shrubbery.

"We are likely to have a good day for a fight," said the scout to Heyward, glancing at the clouds which began to move in broad sheets across the sky; "a bright sun and a glittering barrel are no friends to true sight. Everything is favorable; they have the wind which will bring down their noises and their smoke too, whereas with us it will be first a shot and then a clear view. But here is an end of our cover. The beavers have had the range of this stream for hundreds of years, and what between their food and their dams, there are but few living trees."

The brook was irregular in its width, sometimes shooting through narrow fissures in the rocks, and at others, spreading over acres of bottom land and forming large ponds. Everywhere along its course were the remains of dead trees, in all stages of decay. All these particulars were noted by the scout with gravity and interest. He knew that the Iroquois encampment lay a short half mile up the brook, and he was greatly disturbed at not finding the smallest trace of the presence of the enemy. He listened for sounds in the quarter where Uncas was left, but nothing could be heard but the sighing of the wind.

His companions lay in the bed of the ravine. On hearing a signal from Hawkeye, the whole party stole

up the bank. Pointing in the direction he wished to proceed, the scout advanced, the band breaking off in single files and following so accurately in his footsteps as to leave it the trail of but a single man.

The party was, however, scarcely uncovered before a volley from a dozen rifles was heard in their rear, and a Delaware leaping high in the air like a wounded deer, fell dead.

"To cover, men," cried Hawkeye, "and charge!"

The band dispersed at the word, and before Heyward had well recovered from his surprise, he found himself standing alone with David. Luckily the Iroquois had already fallen back, and he was safe from their fire. The scout now set the example of pressing on their retreat by discharging his rifle, and darting from tree to tree as his enemy slowly yielded ground.

But the chances were gradually growing unfavorable to Hawkeye and his band. They began to think that the whole of the hostile tribe was encircling them. Then they heard the yells and the firing of arms, echoing under the arches of the wood at the place where Uncas was posted. Hawkeye gave the word to bear down upon their foes, which consisted in pushing from cover to cover nearer the enemy. The Iroquois were compelled to withdraw.

Hawkeye got behind the same tree as that which served Heyward as a cover.

"If we are to be of use to Uncas," said the scout, "these knaves in our front must be got rid of."

He called aloud to his Indians in their own language. His words were answered by a shout, and, at a given signal, each warrior made a swift movement around his particular tree. Without stopping to breathe, the Delawares leaped with long bounds towards the woods like so many panthers springing upon their prey. The crack of a rifle was heard behind the Iroquois, and a bullet came whizzing from among some beaver lodges in the clearing in the rear, and was followed by the war whoop.

"There speaks the Sagamore!" shouted Hawkeye, answering the cry. "We have them now in face and back!"

The enemy uttered a yell of disappointment, and, breaking off in a body, fled under the bullets and blows of the pursuing Delawares. Chingachgook took command of the party, and led the way back through the thicket. On a level bit of ground sprinkled with trees they stopped to gain breath. Beneath their eyes, for several miles, stretched a dense and dark forest where Uncas was still fighting with the main body of the Iroquois.



"The fight is coming up the hill!" cried Duncan, and indeed it was not long before the reports of the rifles began to lose the echoes of the woods and to sound like weapons discharged in the open air. Hawkeye and his companions withdrew to a shelter and waited. An Iroquois warrior appeared here and there, driven to the skirts of the forest. These were joined by others until a long line of swarthy figures were to be seen clinging to the covers.

"The time is come for the Delaware to strike!" said Duncan.

At that instant the whoop was given, and a dozen Iroquois fell by a discharge from Chingachgook and his band. The shout that followed was answered by a single war cry from the forest. The line of Iroquois staggered, when Uncas appeared from the wood at the head of a hundred warriors.

Waving his hands right and left, the young warrior pointed out the enemy to his followers, who separated in pursuit. The war was now divided, both wings of the broken Iroquois seeking protection in the woods again. One little band of the enemy, however, had disdained to seek a cover and were retreating like lions at bay, slowly and sullenly up the slope. Sly Fox was in this party.

The moment Uncas caught sight of this warrior, he raised his cry of battle and rushed upon him. Long Rifle and the other white men followed. The Iroquois ran rapidly up the hill. It was fortunate that the race was short, or Uncas would have outstripped the others and fallen a victim to his own boldness. But before that could happen they all entered the little village of the Iroquois. Here the enemy made a stand and fought desperately but vainly around their council lodge.

When Sly Fox saw his comrades fall and knew that the Delawares had won the battle, he darted away from the place. Uncas and his friends followed. The Iroquois leaped into a thicket of bushes through which he was still pursued by his enemies, and suddenly entered the mouth of the cave where you remember Alice had been imprisoned. The pursuers dashed into the long and narrow entrance in time to catch a glimpse of the retreating savage. As they ran, they could hear the shrieks and cries of the Iroquois women and children.

The way was hard to find in those dark and gloomy passages, and for a moment the trace was believed to be lost, when a white robe was seen fluttering in the further extremity of a passage that seemed to lead up

the mountain. The cowardly savage was holding Cora to shield himself from the bullets of the white men.

"Tis Cora!" exclaimed Heyward.

"Cora! Cora!" echoed Uncas, bounding forward like a deer.

"Tis the maiden!" shouted the scout. "Courage, we come!—we come!"

The way was rugged and broken, and in spots nearly impassable. Uncas abandoned his rifle and leaped forward. At this moment the figures of the pursued were drawn against an opening in the sky, and they disappeared. Uncas and Heyward burst from the cavern on the side of the mountain just in time to see the path they took.

"I will go no further," cried Cora, stopping on a ledge of rocks that overhung a deep precipice.

Uncas leaped upon the ledge to save her, but it was too late. The cowardly Iroquois, seeing that he was lost, in his despair and rage killed her with a blow, and like a tiger sprang upon the leaping form of Uncas.

"Mercy, mercy, Iroquois!" cried Heyward from above. "Have mercy on the boy!"

The savage uttered a fierce and wild cry, and with a thrust of his knife, struck dead the young and brave Delaware.

"The palefaces are dogs!" he shouted. "The Delawares are women!"

Hawkeye had been crouching like a beast about to take its spring. The surrounding rocks themselves were not steadier than Killdeer became when the scout fired at Sly Fox. Turning a relentless look on his enemy, the savage shook a hand in grim defiance. But his hold on the ledge loosened, and his dark form was seen cutting the air, for a brief instant, as it glided past the fringe of shrubbery which clung to the mountain, in its rapid flight to destruction.

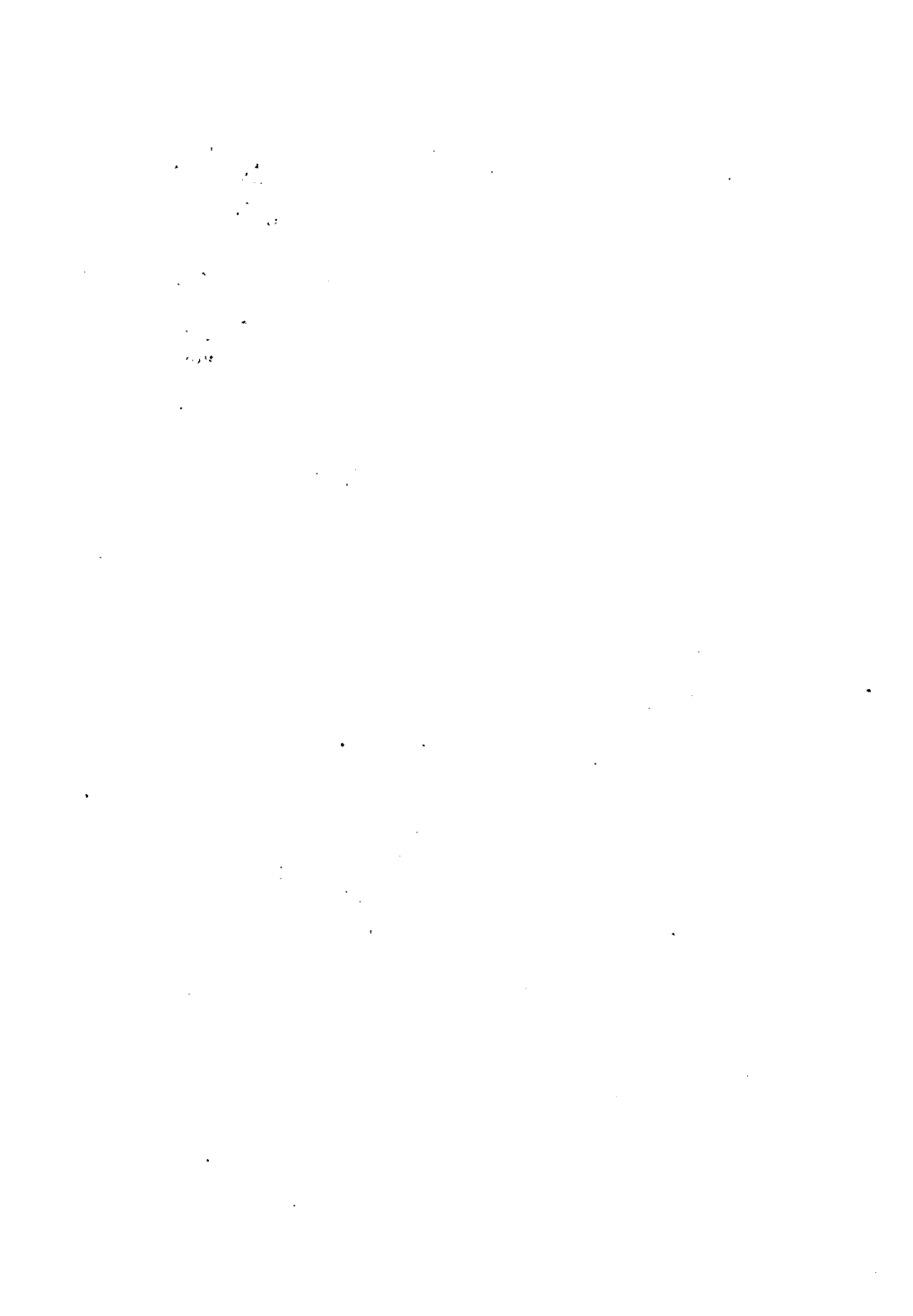
The sun found the Delawares, the next day, a nation of mourners. The sounds of the battle were over, and they had avenged their recent quarrel with the Iroquois by the destruction of the whole village. Still, no shouts of success, no songs of triumph, were heard in rejoicings for their victory. The latest straggler had returned, only to strip himself of the signs of the warrior, and to join in the lamentations of his countrymen, as a stricken people. Pride had given place to humility, and everywhere were demonstrations of grief.

The lodges were deserted, but a broad belt of earnest faces encircled a spot where all the women and children had come to sing the funeral dirges of Cora and the



“The savage shook a hand in grim defiance.”

(Facing page 138)



son of Chingachgook. General Munro and Heyward stood among the mourners, while the scout near by leaned on his famous Killdeer. Tamenund, supported by the elders of his nation, occupied a high place at hand whence he might look down on the sorrowful assemblage of his people.

Just within the inner edge of the circle stood a soldier in the military attire of a strange nation; and without it was his war horse, in the center of a group of mounted servants, seemingly in readiness to undertake some distant journey. He was an aide of Montcalm who had come to escort the white people back to the English settlements.

The day was drawing to the close of its first quarter, and yet had the multitude kept its breathing stillness since its dawn. At length the sage of the Delawares stretched forth an arm, and, leaning on the shoulders of his attendants, arose.

"Men of the Lenape!" he said, "the face of the Great Spirit is behind a cloud! his eye is turned from you; his eyes are shut; his tongue gives no answer. You see him not. Men of the Lenape! the face of the Manitto is behind a cloud."

As the sound of his words died away, a low murmur of soft, wailing voices commenced a sort of chant in

honor of the dead. A girl, selected for the task by her rank, began to sing of the noble qualities of Uncas. She called him the panther of his tribe, described him as one whose moccasin left no trail on the dews; whose bound was like the leap of the young fawn; whose eye was brighter than a star in the dark night, and whose voice in battle was as loud as the thunder of the Great Spirit. Then she sang of Cora, of her beauty, of her courage. She compared her to flakes of snow, her hair to the tendrils of the vine.

When the song was finished, Munro wished to thank the maidens for their services. He bared his gray locks, then, motioning with his hand for the scout to listen,—

“Say to these kind and gentle Indian maidens that they have done well, and that the white men thank them.”

A warrior, much renowned for deeds in arms, advanced slowly from the crowd and spoke before the body of Uncas.

“Why hast thou left us, pride of the Wapanachki?” he said; “thy time has been like that of the sun in the trees; thy glory brighter than his light at noon day. Who that saw thee in battle would believe that thou couldst die? Thy feet were like the wings of eagles; thine arm heavier than falling branches from the



pine. Pride of the Wapanachki, why hast thou left us?"

Other warriors spoke of Uncas' virtues, and especially of his courage in battle. The young aide of Montcalm now ventured to suggest that the white men take their leave, as it was growing late and they had many miles to travel. A group of young Indians approached with a light and closely-covered litter in which sat Alice, mourning her dead sister.

"Come," said Munro looking sadly about him, "our duty here is ended, let us depart."

Heyward pressed the hand of the scout, and mounted his charger. All the white men, with the exception of Hawkeye, passed from before the eyes of the Delawares, and were buried in the vast forests of that region. You may imagine the heavy hearts that they carried with them. They never visited that part of the country again, but it was many years before the Delawares ceased talking of the white maiden and the young Indian warrior who had met their death by the hand of the Iroquois.

After they had left, Chingachgook who had not spoken before, said,—

"Why do my brothers mourn? Why do my daughters weep! that a young man has gone to the happy hunting

grounds; that a chief has filled his time with honor! He was good; he was dutiful; he was brave. Who can deny it? As for me, I am a blazed pine in a clearing of the palefaces. I am alone—”

“No, no,” cried Hawkeye; “no, Sagamore, not alone. I, also, have no kin and no people. He was your son, and a redskin by nature, and it may be that your blood was nearer—but if ever I forget the lad who fought by my side in war, and slept by my side in peace, may He who made us all forget me! The boy has left us for a time; but, Sagamore, you are not alone.”

Chingachgook grasped the hand held out to him, and these two sturdy woodsmen bowed their heads together.

In the midst of the stillness which followed the burst of feeling from two such warriors, Tamenund lifted his voice.

“It is enough,” he said. “Go, children of the Lenape, the anger of the Great Spirit is not done. The palefaces are masters of the earth, and the time of the red men has not yet come again. My day has been too long. In the morning I saw the sons of the Turtle happy and strong; and yet, before the night has come, have I lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans.”

## SCHOOL EDITIONS OF STANDARD FICTION

Defoe's Robinson Crusoe (Stephens) . . . . .	\$0.50
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. (Adapted for children by Baldwin). . . . .	.35
Dickens's Story of Little Nell—From The Old Curiosity Shop (Gordon) . . . . .	.50
Dickens's Tale of Two Cities (Kirk) . . . . .	.50
Dickens's Twelve Christmas Stories (Gordon)—A Christmas Carol; The Child's Story; The School-boy's Story; Our School; The Seven Poor Travelers; The Holly-Tree Inn; A Christmas Tree; Mugby Junction; The Ghost in Master B's Room; Little Bebelles; A Child's Dream of a Star; and The Detective Police . . . . .	.50
Dickens's Child's Oliver Twist and David Copperfield (Severance) . . . . .	.40
Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare—Comedies (Rolfe) . . . . .	.50
Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare—Tragedies (Rolfe) . . . . .	.50
Stories from the Arabian Nights (Clarke) . . . . .	.60
Scott's Kenilworth (Norris) . . . . .	.50
Scott's Quentin Durward (Norris) . . . . .	.50
Scott's Talisman (Dewey) . . . . .	.50
Scott's Ivanhoe . . . . .	.50

**T**HESE masterpieces of English literature should be familiar to every child. Not only will they prove absorbing and interesting in themselves, but they will also create a love for good literature, and awaken in children a desire to read others of these authors' works.

¶ In their present editions, the original narratives have been altered only so much as was necessary to make them comprehensible to children. Unessential passages have been omitted, and in some cases the wording has been slightly changed.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

## SUPPLEMENTARY READING

By EDWARD EGGLESTON

STORIES OF GREAT AMERICANS FOR  
LITTLE AMERICANS. . . . . \$0.40

**T**HIS book is eminently suited to second year pupils. Not only does it make learning to read an easy task, but it provides matter which is stimulating and enjoyable. By means of interesting personal anecdotes, the child is made familiar with the history of our country and some of its leading figures. Famous warriors and patriots, statesmen, discoverers, inventors, men of science and letters, find a place in these tales. Some of the stories should be known to every American, because they have become a kind of national folk-lore. The words are not too difficult, while the sentences and paragraphs are short.

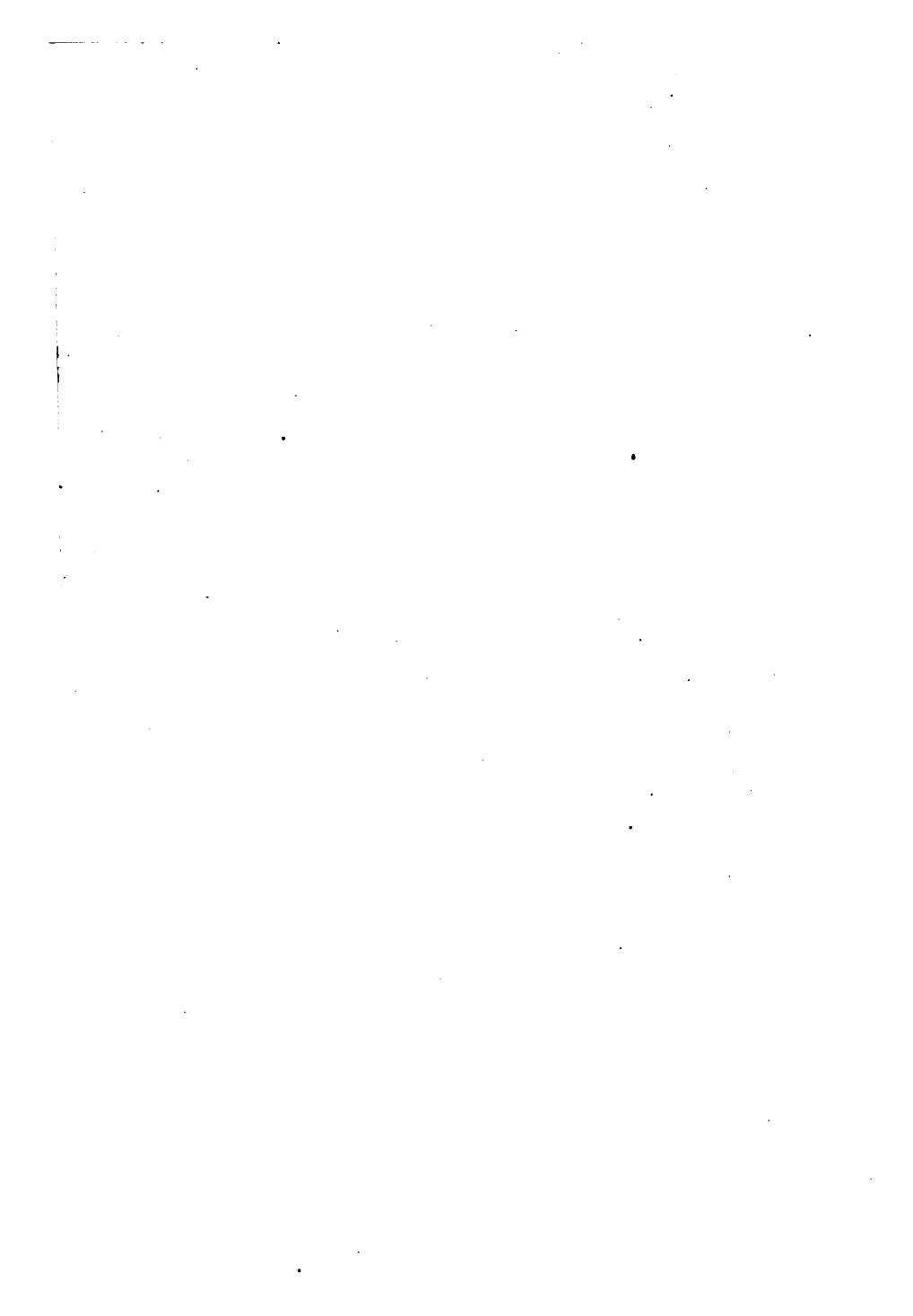
STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND  
ADVENTURE. . . . . \$0.50

**H**ERE are presented for third year pupils exciting stories which tell of the adventurous pioneer life of this country, and which show why the national character is distinguished by traits of quick-wittedness, humor, self-reliance, love of liberty, and democratic feeling. These historical anecdotes include stories of Indian life, of frontier peril and escape, of adventures with the pirates of Colonial times, of daring Revolutionary feats, of dangerous whaling voyages, of scientific explorations, and of personal encounters with savages and wild beasts. With them are intermingled sketches of the homes, the food and drink, the birds and animals, the schools, and the children's plays of other times.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY











*LATEST ADDITIONS*

**SERIES OF ECLECTIC READINGS FOR CHILDREN**

**PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY**

**For Youngest Readers — 6 to 8 Years of Age**

Baldwin's Second Fairy Reader . . . . .	\$0.35	Swift's Gulliver's Travels Retold (Baldwin) . . . . .	\$0.35
Another Fairy Reader . . . . .	.35		

**For Children of 9 to 11 Years of Age**

Baldwin's American Book of Golden Deeds . . . . .	\$0.50	Johnson's Story of Two Boys . . . . .	\$0.35
Davis & Chow-Leung's Chinese Fables and Folk Stories . . . . .	.40	Schwartz's Famous Pictures of Children . . . . .	.40

**For Children of 12 to 14 Years of Age**

Cooper's Adventures of Deerslayer (Haight) . . . . .	\$0.35	Nixon-Roulet's Japanese Folk Stories and Fairy Tales . . . . .	\$0.40
Keffer's Nature Studies on the Farm . . . . .	.40		

